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LECTURES

DELIVERED ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS

BY

ADAM GIFFORD

ONE OF THE SENATORS OF THE COLLEGE OF JUSTICE, SCOTLAND.

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The miscellaneous lectures from which these are a selection were given from time to time by request, on very various occasions and to greatly differing audiences. Their preparation was a great pleasure to the lecturer, the subjects being chosen by himself; but as they were almost all given during winter sessions, they were of necessity sometimes hurriedly, although never carelessly, prepared. We have given them exactly as they are jotted down in his note-books, so far as that is possible, and have made no attempt to fill up the occasional gaps and deficiencies which were left to be supplied at the time of delivery.

They were in no case meant for publication, and we print a few of them now, only for his friends. To those who heard them delivered they may be additionally endeared by the recollection of the manifold characteristics of voice and gesture which were as peculiar to himself as his style.

ALICE RALEIGH.

HERBERT JAMES GIFFORD.

June 1889.

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LECTURE I.

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Delivered in the City Hall, Glasgow.
November 1872.

Twenty five years ago I heard Mr. Emerson deliver four lectures in Edinburgh. I had previously read his two series of Essays, read them with a fresh and startled admiration which, alas! is almost peculiar to the young; — and although his personal appearance was far from impressive, I listened to him with a youthful and an overflowing enthusiasm. That enthusiasm, Ladies and Gentlemen, *I still feel.* I rejoice to think that my early admiration was not misplaced. Time with his ruthless mace has shattered many idols of a fond but false worship. But let us thank God if we were not wholly idolators, if any of our youthful delights are delightful still,

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if some of the morning colours are unfaded, and part of its fine gold undimmed. I at least can gratefully rejoice to confirm my early verdict, and I think I can give my deliberate opinion, that, with perhaps three or four exceptions, there now lives no greater English writer than *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

I have only seen Mr. Emerson four times, and on a public platform. I never met him in private, I have no personal acquaintance with him, and no private or peculiar sources of information. I only know him by his books. And after all, it is often good thus only to know a man. There on the printed page stands the man at his very best. His imperfections, his frailties, his defects, are not printed. His waywardness, his peevishness, his irritability of temper are all gone. Moodiness, reserve, taciturnity have disappeared. Indigestion, a headache, want of last night's sleep, make no difference in his expression or his utterance. Without offence you can call him or dismiss him in a moment. He is never absent, never preengaged, never unwilling to be visited. Space and distance

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are annihilated, and over this revelation of the man time and death have no power.

It will be my endeavour to-night to present to you Ralph Waldo Emerson as he stands revealed to me in his books, and if I can only succeed in bringing before you some faint adumbration of the form which I seem to see, if I can but cast some pale reflection of the prismatic hues which once dazzled me, and which yet play on memory's glass, — if I can but do this, then I doubt not I shall recall to many of you hours of pleasure to which his writings have ministered; and in such of you as yet know him not, I may perhaps awaken a wish to see for yourselves the beauty and the brightness of which I can but tell with stammering tongue.

I begin with a few dates and facts, only one or two, which, as it were, label the man upon this planet, as you would enter a name and address in a directory.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston on the 25th of May, 1803. I love to do honour to one of earth's benefactors by being exact on such a point. He is now therefore nearly

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70 years of age. His father was, I believe, a Unitarian clergyman, and he himself was early destined for the same profession. He received a liberal education, and duly graduated at Harvard University. In 1829, when 26 years of age, he was ordained minister of the second Unitarian congregation in Boston, where he found much although only partial appreciation. In less than three years however, he found it to be his duty to resign his ministry, on account of the divergence in religious views between him and his congregation. Not by any means that he became an orthodox Presbyterian! but he found even the doctrines and the forms of Unitarianism too narrow for his wide abstractions. The chief points of difference related I believe to the forms and the function of worship. On resigning his ministry in 1832, he retired to the village or small town of Concord, not far from Boston, noted in history as the place where the first conflict occurred between the American and the Royalist troops in the War of Independence. Emerson himself sings it: —

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"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
"Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
"Here once the embattled farmers stood,
"And fired the shot heard round the world."

In this Concord retirement Emerson has lived ever since 1832, dedicating his life to thought and study. Here he has written all his books, and hence he has only from time to time emerged, to visit Europe, and to delight his admirers with those orations and addresses which both in regard to matter and manner constitute almost an era in literary history.

Truly, Ladies and Gentlemen, a most quiet and uneventful life. The life of a retired student in a retired village. But such uneventful lives are often the most influential after all. It is thought, not action, that ultimately moves the universe. An essay may be a greater thing than a decisive battle, and a speech more momentous than a change of dynasty. The scholar, the thinker, and not the fighter, is after all the world's master. The ink in the inkstand of a quiet thinker of Kirk Caldy (Adam Smith) now floats the

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commercial navy of the world; and (to take with reverence the highest of all instances), a few spoken and unwritten words of a young carpenter of Nazareth, — words dropped by the waysides and in the fields of Galilee, have regenerated mankind and given his name, — "Christianity," to half the globe.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in a merely literary point of view, is an Essayist and a Poet. In the forms of Essays or of Poems he has chosen to utter his thoughts. But mere form signifies little. Many of his essays are refined and elevated poems, and some of his poems are really very abstruse and difficult essays. He has written no systematic treatise on any subject whatever. No theory of the universe, no system of theology, no history of anything, no philosophy, no elements of science, no principles of psychology or of any "ology" whatever. Only ever and anon an essay, a speech or a few verses; here gleams of his insight, there distant star prospects; now reading, as with a beam spiritually polarized, an insect's thoughts; and now flashing a light on the horizon's walls.

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And so it ever is with genius. It takes its own way. It comes in its own air-borne chariot. It is bound by no forms, tied and swaddled in no etiquette of costume. In the rudest garb it enters the dress-circle or the robed conclave, and white neckcloths and square caps reverently make room.

A few essays, orations and verses constitute his works. Quiet, modest, unpretending-looking things; but let no man despise them. When looked at with kindly eye, and read with learning spirit (and so only and always should a sincere writer be treated), they will be found to warm the blood and quicken the pulse; now they will cause the eye to dilate with fresh wonder, and now to glisten with new delight; tones of sweet human speech fall lovingly on the ear, and authentic invitations onward and upward seem to come to us in a brother's voice.

Mr. Emerson's writings have been published from time to time in small volumes during the past thirty years. Most of his published works have been reprinted in this country, and almost all of them might have

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been found by a careful observer, in a cheap form on our railway book-stalls. When among the trash which often covers a railway book-stall, my eye happens to light on works such as Emerson's, and there are many such, I seem to catch, as it were, the gleam of the diamond in the heap of sand. For there are other diamond fields besides those of South Africa or Arizona. Gold dust lies everywhere if men will but glean it, and all of us should be gold diggers as we pause, and crystal hunters as we speed along. Good books, many good books, are found in every railway stall; and there would be more if we would but seek and choose them, instead of choosing the latest sensation novel. For indeed the world is full of good and of excellence to those who will but take it. Every sky, morning and evening, gleams upon us with loveliness, if we but lift our eye to it, even from the city lanes. If you are a true lover you will find beauty every where.

"Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
"Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
"But it carves the bow of beauty there,
"And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake."

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And if this is so, one lesson which I press on you in passing is; — as good books are supplied to us in such abundance, let none of us be found refusing heavenly food and preying on garbage.

Besides the Essays, Orations and Poems, Mr. Emerson wrote a good many articles as Editor of the "Dial", a magazine projected and conducted by him in Boston for some years; with the view, as he himself explains, of freshening the social and religious atmosphere of Boston, which he thought was getting a little close and stifling. In conjunction with Mr. Channing and Mr. Clarke he wrote the Memoirs of the Countess of Ossoli, better known as Margaret Fuller. He has edited several Greek standard authors, and has been a considerable contributor to magazines and reviews. It is not my intention to attempt to give any analysis of Emerson's works, or of any one of them. To do so at all adequately or profitably would demand many lectures, which after all would be a poor substitute for the study of the works themselves. I think I shall best occupy this

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lecture, or what remains of it, by endeavouring to point out to you the leading features of Mr. Emerson as a writer and as a teacher. I say as a teacher, for teaching is the end of all writing worthy of the name; and if an author has nothing to teach, no truth to tell, no heaven-brought message to communicate, better for himself and better for the world if he and his writings had never been born!

In collecting then the leading characteristics of Mr. Emerson, let me mention

I. His Learning. Now by learning I do not mean merely, or at all chiefly, an acquaintanceship with Greek and Latin, a knowledge of two or three dead languages, joined to a command of two or three modern tongues. This is well and good and is indeed included, but languages are only the means and the instruments of learning, and not learning itself. He who knows nothing but languages, though he knew them all, has but the gift of tongues, which may astonish and surprise, but cannot edify or profit without the far higher gift of their interpretation into

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the thoughts and feelings and emotions of men. No! Learning is something far more than language; and if I were to try to define it, I should say, — it is a knowledge and familiarity more or less extensive, with the recorded thoughts of other men, and with the recorded facts of history and of science. It is in the highest sense that Emerson may be considered as a learned man. He is no pedant, although he has edited Greek plays; but he has thought and felt, and thinks and feels, at once with the Greek and with the Indian. He is not covered over and covered up, swathed and swaddled in his learning, like some learned mummies, but he wears it like a dress. He possesses it, and not it him. He bears it with him like an atmosphere and an aroma, not like a burden upon his back. It is impossible even for one who is not learned to study his works, without feeling that he has laid all ages and places under contribution, and made all tributary to his crown. Almost every essay and every poem is full of allusions, open or implied, to classic lore or to modern science; there

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are hidden references, often only hinted, which recall Homer or Plato or the Stagyrite; delicate turns of expression which sound like the echoes of far off melodies heard long ago. There is wealth of illustration which seems almost boundless, and there are apposite quotations every now and then, introduced from the most unlikely places, which make us marvel at the strange mines and quarries in which our author has digged.

And then all this learning is used naturally and spontaneously. It flows like a fountain or exhales like a perfume; never forced, never artificial, never added for show or effect. Let no one despise learning, true learning! Exalt not the genius of to-day above the lessons of experience or the words of ancient wisdom, but remember that the greenness of earth's latest beauty rests on the rocks and the ashes which it took milleniums to form. But I pass on to consider

II. The Originality of Emerson. It is a common popular fallacy that learning and originality are inconsistent with each other. It is said that a man of learning is never

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original, and that a great original genius is never learned. There may be cases which seem to support this view, but I firmly believe that the real truth is very nearly the exact opposite. Every original genius has rested and based his originality upon a foundation laid and reared by those who have preceded him; and learning, true learning, really acquired and rightly used, tends to make its possessor original by enabling and inducing him to reach farther and to rise higher. No one can afford to begin at the beginning and to work unaided from the bottom upwards. Man now, (and genius is no exception) is

> "The heir of all the ages
> "From the foremost files of time,"

and what a rich inheritance is his, could he but receive it all! The greatest genius is the most indebted man. "All is done to his hand. The world has brought him thus far on his way. The human race has gone out before him, sunk the hills, filled the hollows and bridged the rivers. Men, nations, poets, artisans, women, all have worked for

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him; and he enters into their labours." He climbs the pile of human attainment and places on it the latest, the highest, the newest original stone, just because the pile was there before him, and he stands upon its height. "Great genial power, one would almost say, consists in not being original at all, in being altogether receptive, in letting the world do all, and suffering the spirit of the hour to pass unobstructed through the mind." A great genius makes everything its own, and never hesitates to borrow or appropriate in all directions. What a strange thing it is to find that Shakespere borrowed so much from his predecessors! Plots and scenes and lives and passages. Malone computes that in three parts of Henry VI., out of 6000 lines about 1800 were written verbatim by authors preceding Shakespere. 2300 were altered by Shakespere, and only 1900 lines were entirely his own. Two thirds borrowed, and yet the whole drama grandly original! Now the originality of Emerson eminently rests on his attainments. He floats, as it were, on the highest wave of human

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progress, and his originality is as fresh as the spindrift which is blown from its crest.

One feature of the originality of Emerson is that he very often tries to step out just beyond the limits of the known. Often not a very firm step, often so uncertain and hesitating an advance that the foot has to be withdrawn, often nothing more than an earnest gaze into the dark. But to all of us whose being is pressed upon, round about on every side by unfathomable blackness, how interesting every effort, even though fruitless, to pierce the secret!

Another element in the originality of Emerson is his keen and delicate perception, at once of the finest shades of human thought and emotion, and of the most evanescent changes in external nature. He is fresh and new because he sees better than his fellows, and can tell his vision. The truths of nature are the ever fresh thoughts of God.

Emerson has sometimes been said to be an imitator of Carlyle. I think that there is no ground whatever for this opinion. No doubt he has read and studied and admired

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Carlyle, but he is no imitator. Not so powerful as Carlyle, he is more delicate and refined, and he is far more loving. Equalling Carlyle in his love of the good and the true, he adds a greater love of the gentle and the beautiful. In Emerson is no savage and vindictive hatred, no yells for the extermination of the wicked and of folly; for he sees more clearly, or at least feels more deeply than Carlyle, that all things are in the hands of infinite wisdom and goodness and power, all working for good infinite and divine.

> "In dens of passion, and pits of woe,
> He saw strong Eros struggling throngh,
> To sun the dark and solve the curse,
> And beam to the bounds of the Universe."

Carlyle and Emerson are both great and original minds, but they are quite independent of each other. Each walks in his own path and each will have his own followers and disciples. On the whole, I think I may say without fear of contradiction, that Emerson is one of the most original and suggestive writers that America has yet produced.

I would like to give you specimens of the

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originality in thought and diction which are so charming in Emerson; and I could easily fill up our hour therewith, but time presses, and I must hurry on. I hope, however, before our lecture closes and if time permits, to read to you one or two characteristic specimens of Emerson which will shew him better than any thing I can say. I proceed next to consider

III. The Method of Emerson. In a well known work on Iceland, there is a chapter entitled: "On the Snakes of Iceland." The whole chapter consists of the words, — "There are no snakes in Iceland" Following this example, I might exhaust the subject of Emerson's method by simply saying, — *He has no method,* none whatever. Never was a great writer so entirely free from all rules of order and arrangement. It is worth while to look more closely for a moment at this lawlessness.

Emerson never lays out his subject for treatment at all. He never begins at the beginning, and he never finishes at the end. There may be, probably there must be, some hidden bond of connection in his own

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mind fixing the arrangement of each essay or poem, but it is so latent and so subtle that it is undiscoverable by ordinary readers. His thoughts seem to come in the wildest disorder, and their sequence is very grotesque though not unfrequently grotesquely beautiful.

Even in the titles of the chapters of what profess to be connected works there is the same ruptured and fantastic wildness. In treating of "Nature," he does so under the heads of "Commodity," "Beauty," "Language," "Discipline," "Idealism," "Spirit," "Prospects;" and not one of these titles gives more than the faintest notion of the subject of which he is going to speak. In his book on the "Conduct of Life" he divides, not the subject, but his chapters, into "Fate," "Power," "Wealth," "Worship," "Beauty" and "Illusions;" and in the middle we have a long section entitled "Considerations by the Way." His remarks on England called "English Traits" startle us with chapters in close proximity on "Land," "Race," "Cockayne," "The Times," and "Stonehenge;"

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and his Essays excite our curiosity to learn what can be meant by such titles as "Circles," "The Oversoul," "Gifts," "Nominalist," and many others. Still more erratic are the titles of his poems, though in this matter poets always claim a large licence.

The treatment of each topic corresponds. Nowhere is there orderly march, but rather a plantasmagoric shifting of scenes and views, dissolving into each other. And then he never reasons. He says himself, — "The children of the gods never argue." He simply announces and declares; generally with a calm, and sometimes with a sublime, dogmatism that scorns to render a reason. He is emphatically a See-er. Thus and thus things seem to him. If the reader does not and cannot see them in the same light, so much the worse for the reader; for the prophet can tell his vision, but he cannot give his own anointed eye.

After all, let us not complain of this want of method. If there be a wilderness, it is, as Dr. Chalmers used to say, a "wilderness of sweets;" and when pearls and dia-

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monds are poured at our feet, let us not reject them because they are not arranged in stars or strung in necklaces and bracelets.

I take next what I call

IV. The Insight of Emerson. He sees into many things very clearly and very deeply. Every now and then, we meet with sharp gleams of thought which seem to make the man or the thing transparent, and lay bare the inmost heart.

These shows and shadows which flit around us are not mere shows and shadows. They have a substance behind them which cannot pass away, and it behoveth us to know and learn something about that. Emerson thinks of man and of the universe like the votary of the Indian legend of transmigration, and he says, though he be dog or jackal or pismire in the lost rudiments of nature, under whatever integument of foulness or ferocity, — "I cleave to right as the sure ladder that leads up to God."

This insight is manifest in all the works of Emerson. In his criticisms on great men,

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in describing Plato or Shakespere or Swedenborg or Montaigne, he pierces to the inmost nature of the man, and by light from the centre illumines all his character and conduct. In describing the manners and customs of the English, which he does very beautifully in his "English Traits," he seizes the soul and the circumstance which gave rise to the custom, and he shows how climate and race history have made the Englishman of to day. He has a keen eye for nature too.

"The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,
"The acorn's cup, the rainbow's arc,
"The swinging spider's silver line,
"The ruby of the drop of wine,
"The shining pebble of the pond,
"Thou inscribest with a bond,
"In thy momentary play,
"Would bankrupt nature to repay."

It is the fine office of the poet to let us see what lies all around us; and to give us new vision, just as truly as if he poured the day on sightless eyeballs.

I take as Emerson's next characteristic

V. His Mystery and Mysticism. Mystery and obscurity are as essentially parts of

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nature as clearness and definition. It is a great mistake to suppose it the only test of genius to be always clear and distinct and lucid. It is only very narrow genius that is always that. The great man, like the great painter, is great both in light and in shadow. Nature lives in both, and is perfect in *chiaro-oscuro*. The mystery and the mists of Turner's landscape are greater than the clearness of Claude's sunshine. In truth he who does not find mystery and darkness everywhere may rest assured that he has seen nothing as he ought to see it. He has looked on the mere cover of the book and its mighty contents are all unknown.

This cannot be said of Emerson. If he sees the light he is still more conscious of the darkness, and is drawn to it with a strange fascination. Everywhere he manifests a profound reverence for the unseen; and no passages of his writing, whether prose or poetry, rise higher than when he touches on the hopes and the fears and the high destinies of man.

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But not only does Emerson faithfully declare the dark, the mysterious and the unknown; not only is he really a lover of mystery, but he is also *mystical*, that is, he is fond of embodying the unknown, the dimly seen, or the darkly guessed at, in fanciful forms and emblems, which teach or suggest more or less according to the mind that receives them, and which seem to dilate or contract with the imagination of the listener.

Now here I do not think I can better illustrate my meaning, and vary the dryness of this lecture, than by reading or reciting to you, as a specimen, one of his mystical poems. And I select, as perhaps the most characteristic, the poem called "*Uriel.*" The subject is the fall of the angels, or rather the sin of the first fallen angel; and the theme suggested is the origin and the nature of Evil. The angel chosen is Uriel; not a scriptual angel, but he occurs in the Apocrapha, sent I think to teach Esoras. The word signifies the *light* or intelligence of God, and Milton, as you know, makes him Regent of the Sun.

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Uriel.

"It fell in the ancient periods
Which the brooding soul surveys,
Or ever the wild time coined itself
Into calendar months and days.

This was the lapse of Uriel
Which in Paradise befell.
Once, among the Pleïads walking
Said overheard the young gods talking;
And the treason, too long pent,
To his ears was evident.
The young deities discussed
Laws of form and metre just,
Orb, quintessence, and sunbeams,
What subsisteth and what seems.
One with low tones that decide
And doubt and reverend use defied,
With a look that solved the sphere
And stirred the devils everywhere,
Gave his sentiment divine
Against the *being* of a *line*."

(Here is the doctrine or heresy of Uriel.)

"'Line in nature is not found;
Unit and universe are round;
In vain produced, all rays return;
Evil will bless, and ice will burn.'"

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(The consequences.)

"As Uriel spoke with piercing eye,
A shudder ran around the sky;
The stern old war-gods shook their heads
The seraphs frowned from myrtle-beds;
Seemed to the holy festival
The rash word boded ill to all;
The balance-beam of Fate was bent;
The bounds of good and ill were rent;
Strong Hades could not keep his own,
But all slid to confusion."

(Remoter consequences.)

"A sad self-knowledge, withering, fell
On the beauty of Uriel;
In heaven once eminent, the god
Withdrew, that hour, into his cloud;
Whether doomed to long gyration
In the sea of generation,
Or by knowledge grown too bright
To hit the nerve of feebler sight.
Straightway, a forgetting wind
Stole over the celestial kind,
And their lips the secret kept,
If in ashes the fire-seed slept.
But now and then, truth-speaking things
Shamed the angels' veiling wings;
And, shrilling from the solar course,
Or from fruit of chemic force,

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Procession of a soul in matter,
Or the speeding change of water,
Or out of the good of evil born,
Came Uriel's voice of cherub scorn,
And a blush tinged the upper sky,
And the gods shook, they knew not why."

I will not attempt, I will not even give the slightest hint towards the interpretation of this strange and wild parable. I only venture to think that it may possibly repay study, and at all events it well illustrates what I mean by the Mysticism of Emerson.

Emerson's mysticism leads me to speak of a subject which I cannot omit in a lecture like the present; — I mean his religious opinions. I think I can best describe his position under the title of

VI. The Waiting Scepticism of Emerson. I use the word sceptic in its highest and best sense, as signifying a waiting and doubting enquirer. The Greek word is *σκέπτειν, σκέπτομαι*, I enquire, I consider how it is. This seems to me nearly to express the attitude of his mind. Emerson is not distinctively a religious writer, that is to say

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he does not profess to teach or to enforce religion, but his tone is eminently religious. The truth is, that although in education and elsewhere we may try to separate secular from sacred, and provide time-tables and conscience clauses and so on, religion will not be separated from anything whatever! It will penetrate every cranny and pervade every space, and it will flow around and through every subject and every substance like electricity. You cannot produce and you cannot maintain religious vacuum, and if you could, even secularism would die in it. And therefore I cannot pass Emerson's works without speaking of Emerson's religion.

It is very difficult to gather from any of Emerson's writings what are his precise religious beliefs. He nowhere announces them, and it is only from scattered hints and implications that an approximation can be reached. He is still claimed as a Unitarian, although probably his true position is rather that of a philosophic Theist. I imagine he would not classify himself as either a Unitarian or a Trinitarian or a Polytheist;

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but that he would rather stand along with such men as his great contemporary Theodore Parker, who thought that *one* and *three* and many were just man's arithmetic of Deity, modes of human reckoning, finite aspects which can only have a figurative application to the Infinite. I gather also that he rather inclines to the higher or subjective pantheism; but he will not limit, and he cannot define. Before all such questions he stands uncovered and reverently silent. No proud denial, no cynic scoff, no heartless sneer escapes him; and without a theory of the universe he clings to its moral meaning. I beleive he seems to say that the universe exists hospitably for the weal of souls. "I will bate no jot of heart or of hope though I cannot see the end of transgression. I know that there is a permanent behind everything that is mutable and fleeting; and though abyss open under abyss, and opinion displace opinion, all are contained in the Eternal Cause."

Is one who occupies this position to be blamed? The thoughtful and magnanimous

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will not say so. I cannot condemn that wise and humble scepticism, which, while reverently waiting and enquiring, refuses to say what it does not think, or to profess a belief which it does not feel. Let us all be patient and wait. To the upright, here or hereafter, light will arise; and meantime let us rejoice in every high and holy aspiration, and sympathise in every effort to elevate the character and improve the condition of man.

I omit many topics, many features in Emerson's writings, which urgently suggest themselves as requiring and meriting special notice. Let me however combine two or three of these topics in a very few remarks on

VII. The Poetry of Emerson. Most critics undervalue the poetry of Emerson as poetry, and estimate it as far inferior to his prose. They condemn it as metaphysical, far-fetched in fancy, and unjustifiably wild and irregular. In this condemnation I cannot concur. On the contrary, it seems to me that the poetry has all the excellencies of the essays and orations in a concentrated form, with the rhythm, grace and beauty of poetry super-

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added. I admit no artificial limits as restricting the true place and province of Poetry. Here success is the only but the all sufficient justification. Whatever province Poetry can successfully invade and conquer becomes the province of Poetry by the indefeasible right of conquest, and geographers and critics must be silent and give way.

Throughout Emerson's poetry, will be found expressed with singular beauty, not only faithful pictures of external nature and of human emotion, but high moral and profound physical truths, theories of the past and guesses at futurity. He uses his poetry as the fitting and willing vehicle to express detestation of slavery, love of country, desire for peace, support of good and certainty of its final triumph. His metres and rhymes are sometimes lawless, his lines obviously and wilfully faulty, and his meaning left obscure; but he always has a weirdly wild rhythm, and his sentiment is always noble. Now and then, too, there are touches of tenderness, and bursts of emotion, all the more prized for their rarity; and there is

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often an inimitable grace and exquisite finish of expression.

But instead of listening to my description of them, will you take an example or two and judge for yourselves? Here is an ode to Beauty or the lover of Beauty.

"Beauty chased he everywhere,
In flame, in storm, in clouds of air.
He smote the lake to feed his eye
With the beryl beam of the broken wave;
He flung the pebble far to hear
The moment's music which it gave.
Oft peal'd for him a lofty tone
From nodding pole and belting zone.
While thus to love he gave his days
In loyal worship, scorning praise,
How spread their lures for him in vain
Thieving Ambition and paltering Gain!
He thought it happier to be dead,
To die for Beauty, than live for bread."

Beauty is a favourite subject with Emerson, and he frequently returns to it. His tenderness is shown in a touching dirge to the memory of his brothers, and in a most beautiful "Threnody" on the death of his child. These poems are too long to quote, but a passage may be cited from the Threnody;

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"Was there no star that could be sent,
No watcher in the firmament,
No angel from the countless host
That loiters round the crystal coast,
Could stoop to heal that only child,
Nature's sweet marvel undefiled,
And keep the blossom of the earth,
Which all her harvests were not worth?

Perchance not he, but Nature ailed,
The world and not the infant failed.
It was not ripe yet to sustain
A genius of so fine a strain,
Who gazed upon the sun and moon
As if he came unto his own;
And, pregnant with his grander thought,
Brought the old order into doubt.

His beauty once their beauty tried;
They could not feed him, so he died,
And wandered backward as in scorn
To wait an æon to be born."

There is a Farewell to the World, expressed with cheerful freshness; — and, by the way, cheerfulness is a great characteristic of Emerson's philosophy. It is a royal trait without which no man can be a great poet.

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"Goodbye, proud world! I'm going home,
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Goodbye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth stone,
Bosomed in you green hills alone, —
* * * * * * *
Where vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the love and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

I shall conclude with one more hymn, written for an Independence Day at Concord,

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long before the recent war or the liberation of the slaves. It shows the anti-slavery feelings which are manifest throughout his writings.

"Oh tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire;
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire.

For He that flung the broad blue fold
Oermantling land and sea,
One third part of the sky unrolled
For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
To build an equal state, —
To take the statute from the mind,
And make of duty fate.

United States! the ages plead, —
Present and Past in under-song, —
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one hand fights
By the other cloven down.

Be just at home; then write your scroll
Of honour o'er the sea,

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And bid the broad Atlantic roll,
A ferry of the free.

And henceforth there shall be no chain,
Save underneath the sea
The wires shall murmur through the main
Sweet songs of liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man."

Ladies and Gentlemen, I can read you nothing better than that; and I shall simply conclude by again commending to your perusal and study the volumes of Emerson; convinced, not only that you will find there thoughts that breathe and words that burn, but that you will find Royal Thoughts, which "give the mind its emperor," and which will make your life larger and wider and broader than before.

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LECTURE II.

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ATTENTION, AS AN INSTRUMENT OF SELF CULTURE.

Delivered before the Greenock Philosophical Society. November 1874.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I greet you at the commencement of a new session of the Greenock Philosophical Society.

* * * * *

An Institute such as yours may be regarded in various aspects, and as subserving various ends. It may be viewed as affording pleasant and healthful recreation after the harassments and the toils of business, or simply as offering attractive amusement to beguile a winter evening of its ennui. It affords opportunity for agreeable and refreshing social intercourse, and at its meetings and

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in its management many lasting friendships are formed. It constitutes a wider and more catholic, if perhaps a slighter and less important bond of union than the Church, or the Profession, or the Family, or the Neighbourhood; and it may introduce into your daily talk other and oft times more elevating topics than the variations of the weather or the direction of the wind.

But your Society has higher functions still, and in its higher aspects alone do I ask you to remember it to-night. It is, or it may be made, a noble and an efficient means of elevated, enlarged and enduring culture, producing and promoting beauty which will rejoice and fruit which will bless for ever.

I think and speak then to-night of the Greenock Philosophical Society solely as a means of *mental culture;* as an Institute which may tend or contribute to our mental improvement; and which, if rightly used, may make us wiser, and better, and more beautiful, (and that is really the same thing, for beauty is but the efflorescence and the source of goodness) wiser and

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better and more beautiful than we were before.

But even this is far too wide a subject for our lecture of to-night; and I think it will be better if we confine ourselves to a practical notice of *one single instrument* by the right use of which the culture I have spoken of may be made ours, and you and I and all of us may sensibly and appreciably, lecture after lecture, and session after session, become less and less *wild* and more and more *cultivated* men and women, bourgeoning into greenness, blossoming into the brightness, and bearing at last the purple fruitage which make glad the gardens of immortality!

Now the instrument of culture which I have selected as the topic of this Introductory Lecture is *attention*, "Attention as an instrument of self culture:" and if you and I can but grasp and carry away and keep with us some notion of the nature and of the use and of the mighty power of this instrument, my purpose will be fully answered. It will not be lost time however, if I remind you just in a few sentences what the culture is at which you are to aim. What is meant

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when we speak of a cultivated man or a cultivated woman?

Culture. The word is taken from the effect which the labour and the care of the husbandman has upon the soil and its vegetable productions. It means the changed or improved functions of growth or of productiveness which result from continued care and treatment, these changed and improved functions becoming more or less permanent or heriditary. Culture is the course of treatment which converts the crab apple or the sloe into the wholesome pippin or the luscious plum, which makes the noxious couch-grass wave in the wheatfield of the farmer, and transforms the wilderness which brings forth only thorns and thistles into the fruitful garden which blossoms as the rose. Under the name of *domestication*, culture, applied to animals, makes of the wild and zebra-like caballus the docile and patient horse; while the savage wolf becomes the faithful watch-dog. By culture man rises from a condition in some respects worse than that of the brutes which contest

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with him the forest, to be the intelligent lord and master of all below. He is no longer man the sullen savage in his den, but man refined by intercourse with men; giving and receiving, in mutual regard, respect, and love, the highest pleasures of which his nature is susceptible. Nor has his upward and onward progress ceased. Excelsior! By continual addition and by continual advancement he must go onward still, step by step and age by age until he

"climb
"By slow degrees, by more and more
"The cloudy summit of his time."

Culture, then, may be generally defined as, "the change in nature and in function which is effected by continued special treatment and use." Perhaps for strictly scientific purposes, this definition might require more rigid qualification and explanation, but it will quite sufficiently answer our present purpose, which is limited to the consideration of one single instrument of culture. Culture then, I repeat the definition, is "the change in nature and in function effected by con-

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tinued special treatment and use." Observe, the definition says nothing about the nature of the change, whether it is an improvement or not; for culture may be either to the better or to the worse, upward or downward, a change and a habit towards virtue and excellence and exaltation, or a growth and a tendency towards darkness and degradation and vice. Let me remind you in passing, for a lecture is useless if it is not practical, that you and I and all of us, are, and must ever be, the subjects of culture. As sure as we *are*, we are changing and growing. Let us take heed what our culture is, and whither it is tending, and diligently note the "parting of the paths."

Now the treatment which produces culture, which produces this change in nature or in function, is often called, and may always be called, by a name very familiar to us nowadays, *education*; only I use the word education in a far wider sense than that in which it is generally employed. Everything which produces a change in nature or in habits is education, in the large acceptation

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which I am now giving to the word. Every influence of climate, of food, of habit, of employment, or exercise of body or of mind whereby life and character may be affected, is, in the true sense of the word, education. And so, just reversing the definition which we have given of culture, we may define education to be "every continued treatment" (continued, for education is always a continuous process) "every continued treatment which produces, or tends to produce, a permanent change in the nature or in the functions of a plant, of an animal or of man."

Education, and culture which it produces, may be considered as of *three* kinds, in each of which, however, all of us more or less participate.

There is first the education and culture which our parents and ancestors have received, and the benefits or effects of which we receive from them, by the wonderful law called the "law of heredity," by which the qualities of the parent are transmitted to the child. I call this *ancestral culture,* the

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effects of ancestral education. It is often in modern language called "blood," as when people speak, in the common phrase of the day, of "blood and culture" as the two elements that go to make us what we are; meaning that we are moulded half by the nature that we have inherited and half by the training which we have received. I prefer however to consider "blood" as just an indirect species of education, transmitted to us by our parents instead of being directly impressed upon ourselves. This is the first kind of education.

Then, second, there is external education, or culture derived from the educational forces which are around us and to which we are exposed. I call this *external culture*, or *culture from without.* Everything is a schoolmaster to us, and in the truest sense. Our schoolmasters are abroad. The powers of nature and the ever-varying sights and sounds of the changing seasons, the influence of every fellow man with whom we come into contact, the exigencies of life and business, the state, the church, the market

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place, the family, and more directly and purposely the school: everything, in short, which constitutes the circumstance and furniture of our lives, *teaches* us; and moulds and modifies us into something quite different from what we should have been without such influences. This is what is meant when it is said "man is the creature of circumstances." He is accordant to what surrounds him. His body is acclimatized, and his mind attempered, to the mundane and to the mental forces which act upon him continually.

But third. The third kind of education is that which a man consciously and voluntarily gives himself, or to which he deliberately and intentionally exposes himself, in order that he may be moulded and changed and modified thereby. This I call *self education*, or *self culture*. It is that wonderful, most marvellous, most stupendous power given to a man, given to every man, given to each of us; consciously, deliberately to change his own nature, to make himself by his own act a different creature from what

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he was before. An awful power vested in each of us, as of creating or new-creating ourselves; giving ourselves a new and a different nature, new likings and desires, new feelings and emotions, and even in a large degree new powers and new faculties. This, and nothing less than this, is implied in "*self culture*," and surely I can say nothing better fitted to make us feel the awfulness of our position, than simply to remind you that the *power* of self-culture is in the hands of each one of us.

It is a power peculiar to man. The plants and the animals around us are, equally with ourselves, sometimes even more than we, liable to hereditary or external change, the subjects of ancestral or of outward influence and culture. They as well as we are what they were born and what they have been made. But to us alone has it been given to make our own future, to say with deliberate choice and almost perfect foresight what manner of creatures we shall become, what nature we shall assume, what faculties we shall wield and perfect,

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and how it shall be with us and with our descendants in the long long ages which are to come. For, again observe, that this tremendous power of self culture does not determine the direction in which it is to go. It may lead upward, yonder; or downward, thither; and may issue (and I am not at all speaking theologically, but only scientifically), and may issue in the angel or the fiend.

Having thus explained, generally, but I hope sufficiently, what I mean by culture, by education as its immediate or producing cause (and the words culture and education are sometimes used interchangeably); and having distinguished culture and education into three kinds, *ancestral* or *hereditary*, *external* or from *without* and *self* culture; I now limit myself to-night to *one* instrument of self culture, and that is the power of concentrating our minds on any subject or part of a subject we please. It is called "*Attention.*"

Of course I must pass by without notice all the wonderful facts which the word *culture* implies; all the interesting and engrossing speculations about heredity and

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species and descent; and all the marvellous discoveries, many of them modern and new, about the powers and the influences and the effects of environment. I have confined myself to the briefest statement necessary to bring out the relation which our special topic has to general culture; for we can never know a thing aright, never know it at all, unless we know or have some reasonable idea of its relation to other things, or to the system of which it is part.

I take for granted that all of us are desirous of prosecuting self culture. None of us wish to lie waste or motionless, or to be helplessly tossed hither and thither by external circumstance. I also take for granted that we wish and intend our culture to be *up* and not *down*, and that all of us have some ideal more or less elevated at which we are aiming. And assuming all this, I now say,

That the first and the greatest, the most powerful and the most important instrument of self culture is Attention, concentration

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of mind. By "attention" I mean *that power or that act of the mind by which it detains, or holds for inspection, any perception or conception, that is, any thought, to the exclusion of all others.* I am not going to enter upon, or even notice metaphysical speculations on the subject; however curious and interesting. They are endless, and my purpose to-night is not speculative but practical. It is enough that there is such a power, and such an act of the mind, by which it can hold a thought or an idea, and look at it alone, regarding and thinking of nothing else for the time. The exclusive occupation of the mind for a certain time, with one thought, one idea, one perception or conception only, is attention. By "perception" I mean any thing or any idea perceived either through the senses or by reflection, that is, by the internal powers of the mind. By "conception" I mean any thought or idea formed in the mind by an act of memory or imagination.

Now there is such a thing and such a power as *attention.*

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Suppose in a room, there are two distinct conversations going on at once, on different topics and by different persons, but both perfectly audible. You can attend to any one of them you please, and exclude or neglect the other; but unless in exceptional circumstances of slowness of relation, you can hardly attend to both at once. You will certainly lose one or other, or perhaps miss both, if you try. So, in looking either at a still landscape or a busy and moving market place, you may at pleasure fix your regard on any particular spot or on any particular action that is going on, and the rest of the scene as it were vanishes from the mind. It is unnoticed and unremembered. When the attention is engrossed with any particular object or with any line of thought, with a book or with a conversation, even strong external impressions pass unheeded by. The clock may strike loudly or musically in the room, — it is unheeded or unheard. Even the one o'clock gun, for which Edinburgh people usually listen, or the roar of the unexpected

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cannon, will fail to attract notice, or will be instantly forgotten; for the mind occupied with its own concerns "to itself its kingdom is." Archimedes engaged with a geometrical problem hears not the storming of Syracuse; and for the combatants at Cannae, the great earthquake reels unheeded by.

Optical writers tell us of the eye: that although the retina can receive at once an extensive picture, — almost half a horizon at a time; yet only a very small part of it is finely or fully sensitive; — so that we can distinctly see only a very small spot at a time; and before we can fully take in an extensive view the eye must be allowed to traverse it in detail, so as to bring its sensitive spot to bear successively on every portion. You all know how true this is, and each of you may verify it in a moment. In this small room you cannot look on more than one face at a time; nay, you cannot take in at once with full distinctness more than one feature, a nose, or an eye, or a smile, and to get an idea of the audience the eye must range successively

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over every part. Just so it is with the mind and with the attention. We may have a general notion, so to speak, of a subject or of an object of thought or of perception; but it is only a very very small part of it, a single idea, that we can fully attend to at a time. And it must be slowly gone over, bit by bit, line by line, inch by inch, tint after tint; before, casting our glance backward, we can really say "*I have thought a thought,*" Aha! It is not everybody that can say that!

You will never make a thought or an idea yours, by taking what is called a "general view" of it. You must master the details; you must look separately at every part, and if possible at every particle; and then, and then only, will a "general view" be more than a general blindness or a general ignorance. A general view is often, nay, is always necessary; sometimes at first, uniformly at last. But it will never do alone, by itself it is as barren and useless as the universals of the Schoolmen.

But the nature and use of attention will

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more fully, and I trust sufficiently, appear, as we proceed to consider more particularly its qualities and attributes, and the conditions essential to its right and beneficial exercise. I shall try to state and to explain the principal of these, under separate and distinct heads, that yon may have at least a full outline of the subject; and then I shall lay down, I hope with clearness, I know, so far as my own conviction is concerned, with certainty, — I had almost said with infallibility; — practical rules, by observing which you will certainly — yes, infallibly — secure the benefits which attention can bestow.

I. First then, I remark that *attention is subject to the will.*

Here again I decline the temptation to engage in metaphysical speculation. I make no difficulties about the nature of the will, its freedom, its self action, its government by motives, and so on. It is enough to say, in reference to attention, *it is subject to the will;* that is, you can attend to anything when and how you please. It is a matter

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of choice, and of good pleasure, just as opening your eyes is, — quite as free.

Every one knows and acts upon this. The lecturer or the clergyman begins, — "Give me your attention!" Neither he nor you doubts but that you can give him your attention, if you please. "Attention!" cries the captain or the adjutant to the company of soldiers, and not a man of them but feels he can obey, and stands erect and ready for the order that is to follow. I think it may be said that none of our mental powers or faculties are so completely subject to the will, as attention is. In one sense indeed, and in a very important sense, it is the only faculty which is directly, purely, and entirely at our command and at our choice. We cannot hope or fear or believe or trust or enjoy what we please or what we would; but must use other and indirect means to bring about these states and conditions; but we can always attend to whatever we choose. If we are not responsible for our creeds we are at all events responsible for our studies. We may not command what

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we are to see, but we can at least command the eye to open and the mind to observe; and greater freedom than this we do not, we ought not, to desire.

In very truth, the power and freedom of will to attend to whatever we choose is the very highest power and the very noblest freedom which can be conferred upon a finite being. It is a higher power, a nobler freedom, than would be the power to create, absolutely to create, whatever we chose; for our creations could only be the poor reflections of our own littleness. But the power to contemplate what we choose lays before us, to make it our own, the limitless creation of God. The infinite fullness of the Godhead is unfolded to us, and we are invited to choose and expatiate in any department of the Infinite. Glory then, O man, in this thy wondrous liberty! Behold and see the works of the Lord! Come and see that God is Good!

Notice also before I pass on, that this power to command our attention is virtually a power to controul our whole nature. We are or we shall become like what we

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look upon. We shall come to enjoy that with which we are constantly familiar. We whiten in the sun-shine; or, like the dyer's hand, become imbued with the colours in which we work; and this, just this, is the great secret by which we may indirectly but quite certainly mould, or form, — indeed create, our own character. "Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," — mark what follows; it is not, then practise them, or admire, or love them; no, it is simply *attend* to them. "If there be any virtue and if there be any praise, *think on these things*."

II. But, in the second place, I go on to observe that attention is not only subject to the will, it is also subject to the *passions*. It is excited and aroused into action by the passions and affections, — using these words in their largest acceptation. Fear, hope, joy, wonder, love, and many other passions or

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affections of our nature, perhaps all of them, call the attention into play, arouse it from dormancy, or stimulate its activity. In such cases we do not require to call our will into action, we need not command our attention, it goes unbidden to its office, and will not be withheld from work.

Nature, or nature's great Author, while giving entire freedom and vast power to the human will, seldom trusts to its action alone to secure man's well-being. There are always other precautions taken, other and self-acting machinery brought into play, to secure the end though the will should fail to act. For example, our taking necessary food and drink is a voluntary act, it depends on our will what and when we shall eat and drink; but alas for us if there were nothing else to secure our nourishment! It is not left to our mere will. Nature has taken care to provide the pangs of hunger and thirst to drive us, and all the pleasures of taste to draw us, to take what is required for the sustenance of our bodies. And just so with our minds. Attention is the act of

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the *mind feeding*, so to speak; and although it is made entirely subject to the will, yet when the will is dormant or forgets to act, the attention is secured and stimulated by many a passion.

We naturally and necessarily attend to what we dread or fear; we watch that we may shun or escape it. Not less necessary is the eager look with which we regard the objects of love, of desire and of hope; and it needs no effort of will to make the eye strain to see and the ear keen to hear the distant indications of the longed-for blessing. So it is with many other emotions of our nature which I cannot even stop to name. For this purpose alone, (to secure attention when the will fails to act), it would seem that the passion or emotion of *curiosity* has been implanted in our minds, the desire to know simply for the sake of the knowledge itself: a passion which, however often abused, and however often made ridiculous, is yet, in itself, and in its radical nature, one of the very noblest of which man is susceptible. Judge nothing from its abuse! Think well,

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and perhaps you will find that it is curiosity which distinguishes man from brute and the philosopher from the clown.

But I have said enough to make my meaning clear. You see how, in a hundred ways into which I cannot enter, nature has secured the exercise and the action of our attention; because upon that exercise and action so much of our wellbeing depends. Though subject to our will, it is not trusted to it; but like a well appointed railway, with self-acting signals and self-adjusting points, our progress and our safety is not left dependent upon the mere will, the mere hand of the overtasked pointsman.

III. Third. As attention is called into action by the will and by the passions or emotions, it acts with an ***intensity*** exactly proportioned to the intensity of will or intensity of passion.

This third point or quality of attention scarcely requires illustration. The mere statement of it is enough. I think it is quite clear, (although it is true that some have doubted it), that attention, like every

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other faculty, may act with greater or less force; and that the energy of its action depends on the amount and intensity of its exciting cause, whether that cause be a dominant will or a dominant feeling. There have been times, moments and crises in the experience of all of us, when our whole souls seemed as it were concentrated in our eye or listening ear: and when, excepting the object looked at or the sound heard, the whole world for us had ceased to be. And the memory of that moment of rapt attention, down to the minutest incident bound up with it, still lives with us in constant presentness, and fades not with the receding pictures of the past.

Now, I need not say of what vast importance it is that our attention be keen and intense. What we do let us do with might, with all our might. A feeble will makes a feeble man all through. Faint hopes, languid desires, cold love, sleepy enquiry, what can result from all these but a dormant dormouse of a man, who is scarcely conscious of the hole he is buried in?

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Don't be like that! Let the whole mind go forth upon whatever it seizes. Grapple it with hooks of steel. Pierce it to its inmost marrow, and incorporate its very being to be a possession and a quality for ever.

IV. But I hasten to notice, in the fourth place, that attention requires *time* for its due action.

This is one of the capital points of our subject, and might well occupy a lecture for itself. Attention, for its due action, in order properly to act at all, requires time, duration. Attention produces no effect and leaves no memory unless the object, the perception or conception, is detained for a certain time. Attention absolutely instantaneous is followed by instantaneous oblivion.

Here again I must resist the allurements of metaphysical speculation, which are peculiarly attractive, but for which we have no time. I only wish to make my meaning clear, and will borrow from metaphysics one illustration. The principle upon which the whole science or art of jugglery, or sleight

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of hand, depends, is this; — that it is possible, by practice, to accomplish certain motions, chiefly of the hand, so quickly that the eye and the mind of the spectators cannot follow them: that is, so quickly, that the attention cannot rest on them long enough to produce consciousness and memory. For example, a professor of sleight of hand, of *cheiromancy*, as it is called, stands before his audience with his hands and arms extended laterally at full length. In the palm of one hand is placed a coin, a guinea or a penny; and at a word, in full view of the spectators, the coin disappears from one palm, and, apparently without a movement or motion, appears in the opposite and distant palm. What has really happened, is, that the juggler has thrown the coin across from the one hand to the other, but so skilfully and cleverly and by a motion so nice and so quick that it has baffled the attention of the spectators. They could not follow, they could not notice it. It did not dwell upon the eye long enough to be remembered, and this is the secret of the magician's art.

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Now it is precisely the same with everything to which the attention can be directed. Nothing will be noticed or remembered, the attention will act in vain, unless it rests on each concept a certain time, and the longer the better so far as mere attention is concerned. Multiform objects rapidly rushing through the mind give no present consciousness and leave no future memory. Like the passengers on railway trains crossing each other at full speed, hundreds may be seen passing, but no figure is discerned, no countenance recognized and no feature retained. A regiment of soldiers may be in the train; all that is seen is the red colour of their uniform. What time is absolutely necessary to enable the attention fully to act, depends upon the object seen and the intensity with which it is observed. It varies too with the education and practice of the observer, and the inquiry becomes both complicated and interesting. But passing by all this, we may say that practically, the longer you attend, really attend, — to a thing or a thought, the better you

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will understand it, and the more completely it will be really yours. I think it was Sir Isaac Newton who said that he owed all his discoveries to having been able to fix his attention on his thought or on his theory for a long time together, sometimes twelve hours without interruption. Thus, and thus only, did he make his thought a fact.

The result is, — *take time.* There is a Scotch proverb which says, "nothing should be done in a hurry except catching flies!" I believe that there is *no* exception, and that you cannot even do that well in a hurry! At all events you cannot think well or observe well in a hurry. Let the eye rest, let the ear linger, let the mind dwell long on the object or subject, be it what it may. The time of real action is never lost. It is only the time of inaction or of non-action which flies without return. Do not be misled by vain boasts about quick attention, about taking in a whole subject at a glance, and about instantaneously photographing a whole landscape. It takes a strong light, a broad field and a sensitive

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plate to do that. The mind is not a photographic camera, but a loving eye; not a sensitive fibre but a throbbing heart.

V. Again, and in the fifth place, attention, for its due and profitable exercise, requires *repetition.* It must be brought into play on the same object, over and over again.

The truth is, we cannot, at least most of us cannot, fix our attention very long on one subject, or on one thought, without flagging or wandering. Inevitably and notwithstanding the strongest effort of our will, the mind diverges to something else; wanders over the picture, fastens perhaps on the trivialities of the gilded frame or on accessories of foreground or of distance; or, becoming weary of the fixed gaze, loses itself in vagueness or in vacancy.

Now the remedy for this is *repetition.* After a due interval of rest or of recreation, bring it back to the original again! Focus the attention once more on the old centre, and see if in the new light new wonders will not appear. And the marvellous thing is that every time you do come back new

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wonders *will* appear. Everything is inexhaustible! every change of standpoint reveals new relations, and new beauties seem to grow under the loving gaze.

Frequent repetition also is often necessary, always expedient, even when our inspection has been most complete. Even when nothing new is gained by the revisit, the old with all its relations, is beautified and adorned. For familiarity with the works and with the ways of nature never produces contempt, but only a more endeared and enduring reverence.

Let me add, that upon repeated acts of attention depends, more perhaps than upon anything else, the power, the endurance and the readiness of *memory*, and without memory where would our culture be? It is true that memory depends not only on the repetition of the idea, but also on the vividness of the original impression, and on the time for which it was originally dwelt upon: that is, memory depends on all of the three last qualities which we have demanded for attention. But of these I am

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disposed to think that the most powerful aid to memory is the last, *repetition* of the idea or thought or word. Line upon line, stroke after stroke, constant use; — thus best is the memory made retentive and serviceable.

I have no faith in artificial systems of memory, complicated tricks for enchaining the recollection. Such systems succeed, if they succeed at all, only by calling into play the three elements upon which I am just now insisting; the vividness, distinctness and intensity of the first impression, its detention for some considerable time by the attention, and afterwards its faithful and assiduous repetition. But while thus noticing in passing the effect of the due exercise of attention on memory, I cannot stay to consider this interesting subject I have only time to notice two other requisites of successful or effectful attention.

VI. Attention, in order to be fruitful and productive, must be restricted to a very small object, or part of a subject at a time. Perhaps I might say, the less you contem-

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plate or look at at a time the better! One point at a time! The least that you can distinctly take up before you go to the next. Bit by bit, little by little, you will win the whole, as the Israelites subdued Canaan. Indeed this is a quite universal rule for success in everything. One thing at a time! Never seek to grasp more than you can firmly hold. A man's knowledge, just like his wealth, is made up by the wondrous power of littles.

VII. But seventh and lastly, attention, to be forceful and effective, must be *exclusive* and *undivided.*

A divided, a wandering, a distracted attention is not attention at all. It is of no use. The hand and the eye and the mind must be rivetted to the one point. Everything else must be absolutely and utterly excluded. Whatever you are examining, be it a stellar nebula or an insect's eye, let there for the time be nothing in the universe but you and it; and hold it firmly and hold it alone till you have made it yours. Let neither man nor angel interrupt

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you. Let constellations and dynasties abide their turn; and make the outer infinite your antechamber, where the universe can wait while you give sole audience to an atom!

Thus in barest outline have I endeavoured to sketch (for time would permit no more), the leading features and requisites of that attention, that wondrous matchless instrument by the right use of which we may appropriate creation, and think the thoughts of God. It only remains that I should name the leading rules, by the right observance of which attention will become the sword and the sceptre of the monarch man.

To assist your memory, and in perfect accordance with natural division and order, I deduce a practical rule from each of the seven heads into which I have divided my subject.

1. We saw that the first characteristic of attention was, that it was subject to the will. So the first practical rule must be, — *Command your attention.*

Do not let your thoughts be guided by accident, by anything that may happen to

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turn up. Do not be at the beck and at the mercy of every passing object, of every mote that floats in the sunshine. Let your mind, your attention, be entirely under controul, doing exactly and only what you desire it to do, as docile as the telescope, which will focus any star to which the astronomer directs it by turning the guiding screw. Command your attention.

2. We saw that attention is not only guided by the will but excited by certain passions and emotions; and so the second rule is, — *Stimulate your attention.*

Encourage the desires and emotions which give point to attention, — the love of nature, the love of beauty, the desire for power. Cultivate a noble curiosity, which desires to penetrate nature's secrets by harmonizing with nature's laws. Maintain constantly the attitude of attention, saying with every faculty, — "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!"

3. As attention becomes keen and penetrative and retentive in proportion to the intensity of our will and emotions, so the

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third rule must be, — *Intensify your attention.*

Never be passive merely, and listless and indifferent to what you receive. Do not be empty, idle buckets waiting to be pumped into; but seek far and wide, and keenly absorb the moisture and the nourishment you require. Like the prepared plate of the photographer, at the slightest touch of light copy the picture!

4. As attention requires time for its due action, the next and one of the most paramount rules must be, — *Detain your attention.* None of your light skimming or passing glances! Learn to dwell upon things; and if you are really dwelling you can scarcely dwell too long. I wish I could dwell upon this rule, that I might ensure its practice, for I know nothing more important.

5. The next rule flows from the benefit which we found to result from repetition. It is, — *Reiterate your attention*, over and over and over again. The ceaseless drop wears out the rock. "*Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed saepe cadendo.*" Revise endlessly,

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ceaselessly; revise and revisit, till love and memory dwell in each deep-imprinted scene.

The two last rules follow from the two last qualities which we demanded in forceful attention. They are; —

6. *Let your attention be restricted to a very limited area at a time.*

7. *Let it be absolutely exclusive of everything else.*

Now these seven rules would well deserve a lecture each, but I must leave you to make and to deliver these lectures to yourselves. Illustrations will crowd upon you, benefits will unfold themselves, pleasures and attractions will allure you, and glorious results will enrich you for ever.

Let attention only be yours, attention ever ready at our command and docile to our wishes, attention awakened by pure desires and stimulated by noble emotions, attention intense and keen, dwelling upon elevating objects and ideas, reiterated upon the good, and the beautiful and the true; till these and these alone are loved and honoured; let such attention be daily and

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hourly practised, and we shall forthwith become sensible of daily and hourly growth. Our spirit will develop its spiritual wings, higher and nobler regions will become accessible to us, every week will add whole provinces to our government and every year will make new dominions tributary to our crown. Up and ever up this glorious future, we shall find in death only the opening of new worlds and the accession of fresh powers; and endowed with an unending existence we shall rejoice that there is spread for our enjoyment a universe infinite and divine.

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LECTURE III.

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SAINT BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

Delivered before the Morningside Literary Institute
February 1875.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I invite you to-night, to go back with me 750 years, and to spend an hour in endeavouring to estimate the character and to sympathise with the feelings and actions of probably the greatest mind of the twelfth century, and certainly one of the greatest minds of all time.

Back 750 years! It carries us to the central period of the *middle ages* — to the very depths of what we somewhat superciliously call the *Dark Ages,* ofttimes forgetting that these centuries which now seem lost in the shadows of the past, had once lights all their own; that each, as it flitted over earth, showed a varied illumination, —

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now ruddy with the lurid glare of passion and of war, with which, alas, our own country is only too familiar, — and now pale yet piercing with Scholastic refinements and subtilties which our own age cannot equal and can scarcely understand.

The middle ages! What strange scenes and pictures do not the words recall? The fortalice of the half savage Baron and the mean huts of his degraded serfs. The proud pomp and spiritual power of the haughty churchman, before which the strength of kings, and the might of feudalism was fain to kneel. The chivalry of Europe drained time after time to furnish forth the armies of the Crusaders. Religious excitements and revivals passing like prairie fires over Europe, and compared with which modern revivals, even the wildest, seem but the coldest marsh gleams. Strange and terrible diseases and epidemics, and plagues both bodily and mental, that mowed down millions as with the scythe of destruction. The spotted plague and the black death and the sweating sickness. The dancing mania, the barking

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mania. The werewolf and the ghoul. Strange mystical schools of Philosophy exciting popular admiration and enthusiasm to us unexampled and inexplicable. And below all, the swelling and the heaving of the slow but advancing tide which even yet is bearing us upon its crest.

I cannot of course stay even to sketch the features of the twelfth century in which the mighty Bernard lived. But I must ask you, while I speak of him, to make an effort to realize how different his times were from our own. Centuries had to elapse ere printing was invented, and Saint Bernard never saw a printed book or a newspaper or a placard. Gunpowder had not been dreamed of, and men fought with the sword, the spear, the battle-axe or the sword. Clocks and watches were not invented, and time could only be guessed at by the running of sand or of water or by the burning of tapers. The horse or the mule afforded the only means of travelling, and roads and robbers and rapacious animals made even a short journey an enter-

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prise of danger and of doubt. In a hundred other particulars, the dwellings, the dress, the food, the habits of the age formed strong and striking contrasts to those with which we are familiar; and while we recognize that human nature is still substantially the same, we must ever be careful to make allowance for the widely different circumstances in which it is placed.

In truth it is just these two elements which make history a useful, and interesting, or even a possible study, — the essential identity of humanity and the never ending changes in its environments, creating that grand secular growth, that slow but certain development, by which the mind of man is widened by the process of the suns. In this spirit and in this mood of mind, let us approach the contemplation of the life and character of Saint Bernard of Clairvaux.

Bernard, son of Tescelin, or Sir Tescelin, who was a noble knight of Burgundy, was born in the year of our Lord 1091. His birth place was Fontaines, not far from Dijon, which was then and is still the capital of

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Burgundy. His father Tescelin, who seems to have been a man of noble character as well as of noble family, was unfortunately almost constantly engaged in war, and the education of the young Bernard devolved entirely on his mother Aleth, on whose many virtues the monkish historians most lovingly dwell, lauding her as the "pious, the holy and the sainted Aleth." Saint Bernard therefore forms another of the long long list of eminent men who have owed their greatness in no small degree to the inherited qualities or impressed training of a loving mother. So true it is, — to use an Irishism which is full of force as well as fun — that if "the boy is the father of the man", "the mother is the father of the boy." To Aleth, (about whom there are many legends) may probably be traced the bent of Bernard's mind and the direction and colour of his destiny.

In ancient times, ere philosophic scepticism bore sway, auguries and supernatural omens are often said to have accompanied or preceded the birth of men predestined to

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eminence, in government, in science or in war. We read how swarms of bees, or flocks of birds, celestial portents, or the songs of angels, foretold the prowess or the power of the new born babe or of the expected stranger; so Bernard was not without his antenatal auguries. Aleth, before the birth of her child, "dreamed of a dog white all over but red on the back, and in her dream the dog barked". Terrified at the impressiveness or repetition of the vision, Aleth consulted her confessor, who with the spirit of prophecy foretold that the child about to be born should be made of snow and of blood, (meaning I suppose that he would combine purity with severity) that he should excellently preach the word, and bark long and loud at the enemies of the Church. I trust that the good Aleth was comforted by this prediction; which after times abundantly fulfilled, proving that this "dog of the church", for that was one of his titles, could not only bark but could bite also.

Omens of this kind, and in cases like that of Saint Bernard, are probably very often

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invented after the event, and after the foretold greatness has been actually attained. In other cases perhaps they tend to produce their own fulfilment, and stimulate the genius or the exertions of him who believes himself heralded from on high. In any view, the belief in such omens, wide and universal as it has been, is an interesting fact in the history of humanity during the "*ages of faith*".

Bernard seems to have been early destined for and dedicated to a monastic life, and his mother secured for him an education suited to his destiny. He was taught in the church at Châtillon, was a ready pupil and far surpassed most of his fellow students. He was a weakly and delicate child, and grew up apparently little fitted for the profession of arms and for the rude life of a soldier knight, and his own free inclinations very early seconded his mother's wishes that he should enter the Church.

Miraculous visions also were vouchsafed to him during his boyhood, which left him in no doubt as to his heavenly call. For

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example, on one occasion, on a Christmas Eve, the "Lord appeared to him as to Samuel in Shiloh, and manifested his glory." Jesus took the form first of a bridegroom in marriage raiment, and then of a new born babe, the Word incarnate. Such visions were often repeated in varied forms. A sensitive nature, a keen imagination, protracted vigils and excited nerves, will probably account for most of such appearances, but not less powerful have they always been in influencing the conduct and determining the destiny of the believers in their reality, with whom doubt would be impiety and hesitation treason.

And so it was, that at twenty-two years of age, in youthful manhood, after full and long consideration, Bernard renounced his inheritance and fortune, renounced his nobility of birth and every title of distinction, and stood penniless and barefoot, a candidate for admission at the gate of the monastery of Citeaux. The form of entering Citeaux was this. The applicant had to wait four days in an outer cell or guest-

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chamber before he was received by the Chapter. On entering he prostrated himself before the lectern, and was asked by the Abbot what he wanted. He replied, — "God's mercy and yours." The Abbot then explained to him the hardships of their life and the severity of their discipline, and again inquired if he still persevered in his intention. If the candidate answered in the affirmative, the Abbot said, — "May God who has himself begun a good work himself accomplish it." This ceremony was repeated on three successive days, and on the third the intrant was passed to the cells of the novices and began the year of his probation.

It would be interesting and not uninstructive to trace in detail the incidents which accompanied and preceded Bernard's assumption of the monk's cowl. His voluntary preparatory discipline, watchings and fastings and prayer. The long and violent opposition he met with from his family and relatives and connections (his mother Aleth had died many years before). The heavenly visions and supernatural messages which he

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received, strengthening and confirming him in his resolution of self devotion; and the persuasive power which enabled him to induce a large number of young men, his companions, including three of his brothers, to enter the monastery along with him. The youngest brother, Nivard, was almost a child, and when Guido and Bernard were tenderly taking leave of him, and pointing to the castle and broad lands of Fontaines, told him that all would be his; the little boy replied, — "What, you take Heaven to yourselves and leave me nothing but this piece of earth! It is not fair! No, I will go with you", and so little Nivard joined his brethren, and their inheritance was left behind.

But leaving unnoticed many such incidents, for time compels me to be rigorous in selection, I ask you to reflect on that wonderful state of society where the educated and upper classes had only two careers open to them, that of the soldier and that of the priest. To be a gentleman in those days meant to be a warrior, and they were almost

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constantly fighting, besieging each other's castles or being besieged in their own, following my Lord of Burgundy or my Lord of Avignon or some other feudal suzerain in their endless wars. It was a fierce world. No wonder gentle natures were glad to quit it: and when we think of it and realize it we cease to be surprised that dukes and princes, peasants and paupers, are ready to leave their luxury or their misery and to seek a haven of shelter, where during this short life they may say their prayers, and then lie down in peace to sleep, in death.

Of course there was always the poor and the labouring class, the serfs and the slaves, hewers of wood and drawers of water, whose business it was to till the soil and to spend their lives in manual or in menial labour; but for the class above there was but one choice, — the camp or the cloister! There seems to have been hardly any middle ground between the life of a military noble or knight, and the life of an ecclesiastic; — and what a contrast between these two callings! On the one side celibacy and

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fasting and poverty and prayer; on the other riot and debauchery and wealth and sin! Ambition pointed perhaps equally to both, for a Cardinal was greater than a King, and the Pope was second only to the Almighty; and so young men of the noblest families rushed into convents, just as others rushed into camps.

In truth, although men did not understand it then, there was a deadly struggle going on, between the Church on the one hand and the brute forces of a feudal and tyrannical oligarchy on the other: and nobly did the Church maintain the struggle and secure the victory. The Church was the last bulwark of humanity in the Dark Ages. She kept in awe the rude Barons and the barbarous Kings, and took the poor and forsaken to her bosom. To the everlasting praise of the Catholic Church be it said, she never knew any difference between rich and poor, between the nobly born and the lowly born, but welcomed all alike to her loving though somewhat rigid arms. To her everyone *born at all* was well born. Hence

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we often find the humblest sprung in her highest places; — a cobbler in the chair of Saint Peter, and that cobbler Gregory VII of whom all Europe stood in awe! The Chuch thus opening for the poor the road to wisdom and power, unconsciously bettered their general condition. Bishops and Cardinals and Popes, elevated from the servile class, instinctively favoured the poor, and the very faults of the Church helped its efforts; — for these men, having by the rule of celibacy no children to provide for and to whom they could transmit their wealth and power, never could join or could become a hereditary class, but all their sympathies were as it were entailed upon the people. Then, with all her failings, the Church was almost always on the side of justice and mercy and humanity. She gave sanctuary to the weak. She raised the oppressed and held back the Baron's mailed hand. Ofttimes she stayed the conflict and stopped the bloodshed, — as between the clash of arms and in the pauses of the strife was heard the silvery peal of the Convent bells.

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And lastly, to note but one other virtue, the Church was then the only place where letters and science and philosophy were studied. It is true that in later times, and indeed in a measure in all times, the Church has not been favorable to free thought and unfettered enquiry, but with maternal timidity has sought to limit the wanderings and repress the daring of her children; but it is no less true that all through the middle ages, the Church and the Church alone was the home of learning and the guardian of letters.

While open-eyed to the faults and the evils of the Roman Catholic Church, let us never forget the debt of gratitude which we owe her, and let the other Churches which have succeeded or which are succeeding her see to it that they are fulfilling at least as faithfully the far different duties which their age demands.

Bernard had selected the monastery of Citeaux as his retreat in preference to many others which would gladly have received him, because of the extreme severity of its

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rules and discipline. There was at hand the opulent and lordly Clugny, where, cushioned in purple state, luxurious monks regaled themselves with the richest dainties and the rarest wines. But penance and mortification were Bernard's aim, and he added to the austerities of the Cistercian rule voluntary mortifications and additional vigils which almost cost him his life. To some of these I shall allude by-and-bye.

Bernard's entrance to Citeaux was followed by a wonderful accession of popularity for that monastery. Crowds sought admission, and before the year of his novitiate had expired, it was found necessary to arrange, not only for additional accommodation, but for sending forth colonies to found new abbeys. Bernard's novitiate over, he made his solemn profession when twenty-three years old, with the usual ceremonies. His hair was cut off and burnt in the sacred piscina. The unalterable oaths were taken, he received the Abbot's blessing, was invested with the monkish dress and cowl, and with creeds and chaunts took his place

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in the choir. Little did he think that instead of retiring from the world he was entering upon a life of greater activity and power than that of most monarchs.

Before he had been a full year a monk, Bernard was named by the Abbot of Citeaux, who was an Englishman called Stephen Harding, as the leader of a new colony of monks who were to leave Citeaux and found a monastery wherever they could find a place and permission. Bernard obeyed, and led forth as their Abbot twelve young monks, representing Christ and his apostles. They quitted Citeaux, with nothing but their coarse woollen habits, their sandals and their empty scrips; and with Bernard walking at their head, holding aloft a cross which he had received from Abbot Stephen, they set out, literally not knowing whither they went. Supported by charity, they wandered for many days or weeks, chiefly in a northerly direction, and at last found a wild and savage valley called the Valley of Wormwood, about ten miles from Chaumont in the west of France. In this secluded spot, said then to be

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the haunt of robbers, Bernard and his devoted band determined to found their new convent. With their own hands they erected huts for their shelter, and for some time endured incredible hardships. For a lengthened period, it is said, they had no food but beech leaves and wild herbs cooked with a little salt. In the Valley of Wormwood, however, by and bye their abode was built, and surrounding ground cultivated for their support; and in due time there arose a noble monastic pile and a magnificent cathedral church said to be not inferior to Notre Dame of Paris. The Valley of Wormwood was sweetened and sanctified by its occupants, and became the "Clear Valley", the valley of sunshine and of light; and it gave its new name to Saint Bernard, who spent the remainder of his life as *Abbot of Clairvaux*, Abbot of the Bright Valley.

From this humble dignity and this quiet retirement no power and no temptation could draw the holy Bernard. With a proud humility he declined bishoprics and archbishoprics and cardinalates, and while he

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arbitrated between Kings and decided between rival Popes, the Chair of Saint Peter had no attractions in his eyes. From Clairvaux he had often temporarily to go, sometimes for lengthened periods, to raise or to allay wars, to save the Church in her dangers, or to settle with marvellous skill affairs of government or of policy: but to Clairvaux he always lovingly returned. Here only he loved to dwell, to labour, to meditate and to pray; — and within its walls he quietly fell asleep on the 20th of August, 1153, raising his "dove-like eyes" to heaven, and breathing as his last words that he gave himself to the will of Divine Love. He died in his sixty-third year.

Of the monastery and church of Clairvaux there is now no trace remaining. Even Saint Bernard's tomb has been swept away, and the site of the once famous monastery is now occupied by a district prison. But the work of Saint Bernard still tells upon humanity. He made his mark upon the ages as they passed over his grave, and the Church long bore the impress of his gigantic

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spirit. In almost every district of Europe there are places, — mountains and passes and wells and villages, — which bear his name. He founded more than a hundred and sixty monasteries, and numerous churches. He instituted the order of the Bernardines which still exists. He regulated the Templars and other powerful bodies, and he wrote a book for the guidance of the infallible Head of the Church.

The life of Saint Bernard is really the history of his times. On such a topic of course I cannot enter in a lecture of an hour, and so all I can hope to do is to present a faint outline which may enable you to form some conception of the man himself, rather than of his age or times. I will not attempt to give any chronological summary, however curtailed, of the events in which he took part. I will rather select a few leading incidents calculated to bring out the character and power of Saint Bernard, and illustrative of his habits and of the might and influence which he swayed.

I propose therefore to occupy the remainder

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of our time by glancing shortly at the following points. I enumerate them for distinctness, but do not be alarmed at their number, as many will only require a sentence or two.

Notice then,

Saint Bernard's personal appearance. "What like" was he?

Saint Bernard's asceticism or austerities.

His personal influence.

His persuasive preaching.

His popularity.

His miracles.

His controversies.

His political action.

His Crusade, the Second Crusade.

His written works.

Lastly: His character.

When we hear or read of any man eminent in any department of the world's work, almost the first question which we ask relates to his personal appearance. If alive, we seek to see him and look on him face to face. If dead or distant we are gratified by his portrait or description. "What like" was Saint Bernard?

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In childhood he is said to have been very beautiful; and some elements of beauty, for example the "*dove-like eyes*" to which I have already alluded, he retained through life. Several portraits of him, or copies of portraits, are still extant, and they show a countenance placid and serene as in contemplation, but with lines of firmness stretched as it were below the surface.

He was rather below the middle height, of fair complexion, his hair of a flaxen colour and his beard of a reddish hue. For the greater part of his life however he kept his hair closely shorn off. The most striking peculiarity in his personal appearance was a marvellous and almost miraculous leanness. He is described as being almost a skeleton, and physicians wondered that he could live at all, far less undergo the manifold fatigues and labours which followed him everywhere and filled up his existence.

After all, how seldom are we able to tell the powers and qualities of the mind and spirit from bodily appearances or indications. When we have become familiar,

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indeed, both with the mind and spirit and with its mortal frame, a loving ingenuity may delight to trace or to fancy correspondences between the two. But without this familiarity, how random are the guesses and how errant are the judgments we draw from personal appearance or bodily form!

In giving you an idea of the asceticism and austerities which Saint Bernard practised through life, I can best begin by telling you of the daily routine in a Cistercian or Bernardine Monastery.

The monks were aroused every morning at two o'clock by the convent bell, and they immediately hastened along the dark cold passages and cloisters to the church, which was lighted by a single lamp. After private prayer they engaged in the first service of the day, "*matins*," which, with that order, lasted *two hours*. They then returned to their cells to meditation and prayer. The next service was "*lauds*" which was always at daybreak, and thus in summer it almost immediately followed matins, while in winter there might be a considerable interval.

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Lauds was followed almost without intermission by other religious exercises till about nine, when the monks went, without any breakfast other than a cup of water, to labour in the fields or in the necessary work of the house, and this continued till two o'clock. At two o'clock the famished monk was allowed to *dine*, as it was grimly called: and this was his only meal in the twenty four hours. The dinner consisted almost always of a pottage made of peas, lentils or barley, sometimes with the addition of a little milk, but oftener not. Boiled vegetables might be added in the season. No Cistercian monk under Bernard's rule ever tasted *meat*, *fish*, *butter*, *grease* or *eggs*. On this one meal the monk had to subsist till the same hour came round another day. After dinner the monk's time was his own till about six o'clock; after which, according to season, with "*vespers*" and "*complines*" he filled up the day, retiring to his hard pallet about nine o'clock, to be roused to the same daily round at two o'clock next morning.

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To this stern discipline Bernard voluntarily added numerous extra hardships, which I cannot stay to detail. He lost all sense of taste, and knew no difference between different kinds of food or drink. A pitcher of lamp-oil being accidentally placed beside his nightly pallet instead of water, he used it for water unconscious of the difference, and similar accidents often befell him as to food. He became almost insensible to external impressions, and sunk in inward contemplation; so that he could travel for days beside the Lucerne or the Leman Lake without being conscious of their presence, — blind to the glories of the scene. One more instance I may mention in passing. When likely to be exposed to the risk of hearing conversation, or of being spoken to by friends or strangers, he stopped his ears with plugs of lint and wax, and with his head buried in his cowl he bade defiance to this form of distraction.

Undoubtedly sincere in all this course of conduct, I mean all through his frightful austerities, I think it is not possible, even

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when we condemn them, to withhold our tribute of admiration. Here at least is a man who believes in the unseen, and acts out his belief unflinchingly. No sham, no hypocrite, no simulacrum he! Is the body to be kept under? He tramples on it. Is a sensibility to be repressed? He strangles it. Is a passion to be subdued? By frost or by fire he will exterminate it. It is said that when he felt passion rising he walked into the cold marsh pool up to his ears and stood there till he was almost dead. Think of that: this man means victory, and gained it; and over and over again his determined struggle nearly cost him his life. I venerate such single-minded dauntless energy and self-sacrifice, and I almost willingly forget that it was mistaken. And do we not find this very quality to be the root and foundation quality of all greatness? I ask not, I almost care not, what a man's convictions may be: but I demand, — Does he work them out, fearlessly, unfalteringly, to the very end, however bitter that end may be? There is goodness in such a man, in the very depths of his delusions; for he is a

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man, a living will, and not a mirage and a shadow. But again, Bernard's asceticism and austerities were not so to speak mere selfish acts, ending on himself as secluded from the world. They were not the mere formalities of the solitary and almost mindless hermit, muttering and moping in semi-idiocy before his crucifix and his scull. Far, far different. They had all relation to his fellow men. Every fibre of him throbbed with sympathy, and every nerve trembled and thrilled to influence and to draw his neighbour: and truly the power and the influence went forth! Perhaps there never was a man who had a greater or more powerful *personal influence* than this Bernard. I am not speaking just now of his preaching, although of course his personal influence was felt in all his preaching. I mean simply the effect which his presence or address produced on all who came near him. His will or his attraction was predominant and irresistible. At the glance of his eye, at the wave of his hand, his enemies wheeled round and joined the ranks of his retainers,

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as if they had heard the mighty "follow me" of a greater than Saint Bernard.

This power, strange and seemingly resistless, was very early manifested. Before he entered Citeaux he persuaded thirty of his friends and relatives to accompany him and enter the cloister: and afterwards, when he was known to be recruiting for any of his numerous new monasteries, wives hid their husbands, parents their children, sisters their brothers, lest they should come within the range of his resistless magnetism.

It was not that he convinced his victims. It was not the force of his reasoning or the strength of his arguments. It was not even the moving eloquence of his persuasion. It was something more direct than all these. It was the magic of his presence and the subtile electricity that seemed to flow from his person. I fancy the opponent who met him, if he had been capable of observing at all, would have been conscious of a kind of shock, by which, he knew not how, he was stunned and disabled, like the helpless and astonished prey of the electric eel. And

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yet the spiritual chloroform which seemed to float around him had in it nothing of pain, nothing of fear. It was "sweet chloroform o'er me gently stealing." The will as well as the mind was entranced, and yielded delightedly to the subjection. No sense of defeat or constraint, but a joyful acquiescence of the will, in something felt to be wiser and nobler and better than itself.

Now I may ask you: — has this personal power over others, this subtile personal influence, not been, in a greater or lesser degree, possessed and manifested by all the great leaders and commanders of men? Great generals have shown it, from Xerxes and Cæsar down to Napoleon and Bismarck. The greatest and noblest kings have had it, binding their followers and their counsellors to their person with the strangest and most sacrificing devotion, and philosophers and teachers have had it, whether mystics like Swedenborg or maniacs like Joanna Southcote or Joseph Smith.

It would be easy to give you instances without end of this strange power wielded

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by Saint Bernard. In truth almost everything he did was an instance of it. It was one of the qualities which made him what he was. Time however will only suffer me to select one solitary example, and I choose one which will at the same time show another feature in my picture, I mean Saint Bernard's *political action*.

It happened that on the death of Pope Honorius II. in 1130, a terrible schism occurred in the Church as to his successor. The College of Cardinals was divided. One section elected and proclaimed Cardinal Gregory the pontiff, under the name of Innocent II., while the opposite faction with equal pomp arrayed Peter Leonis in the pontifical robes and proclaimed him Anaclete II. Rome was instantly divided into two armies of ferocious partisans, and Europe was on the eve of being desolated by a religious war. What is to be done? Why, send for the poor monk of Clairvaux, send for Bernard! What a testimony to the power of mind sanctified by religion!

Observe, it is *send* for Bernard, send for

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himself. It is not his advice that is wanted. It is not his wisdom or experience or decision that will do. It is his personal presence. He must come himself. He alone can avert the calamity which is impending over Europe.

Bernard obeyed the call. The ever sleepless Dog of the Church at once set out with a few attendants, and as he mounted his mule for the long and weary journey, the thrill of his approach seemed to run before him all the long way and to still the expectant factions. The crisis was a most serious one. With double Popes double abbots had arisen in almost every abbey, and double bishops in every see. The watchful Louis VI. of France had called a Council of Bishops at Etampes to discuss the question, and thither Bernard came to decide on rival claims. After religious services and enquiries lasting many days, Bernard decided for Innocent, and his voice was like the accents of the Holy Ghost!

But his real work was to follow. By personal interviews he persuaded Louis VI. of France, Henry I. of England, Lotharius Em-

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peror of Germany, and all their leading nobles and church dignitaries to declare for Innocent: and although Anaclete still held Rome, France and England and Germany gave a preponderance to Innocent which was certain to prevail. William Count of Aquitaine and Roger King of Sicily were two of the chief supporters of Anaclete; and Bernard, whom everybody regarded as divine, was sent to the Count of Aquitaine who had been excommunicated, to restore him to obedience. He found the Count most obstinate, and after many conferences a terrible scene took place, at the door of the Cathedral which the excommunicated Count dared not enter, between him and Bernard, who held in his hands the consecrated elements which he had brought from the altar. Bernard delivered a denunciation so fearful, that the Count was seized apparently with epileptic fits, fell to the ground foaming at the mouth, and soon after was reconciled with the Church, and declared for Pope Innocent II. Next year Bernard went to Rome, where Anaclete, branded in western Europe as the Antipope,

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still reigned, Innocent being settled at Pisa. Here Bernard's wonderful influence was again displayed. He made no public appearance, but seemed quietly to convert everyone whom he touched, so that Anaclete found himself being deserted. Lastly Roger, King of Sicily, the last opposing potentate, announced that he would himself hear the rival claims discussed by opposing advocates. Bernard was to be heard for Innocent, while Peter of Pisa, a renowned rhetorician, was to state the case for Anaclete. Their speeches are yet extant. But Bernard without any logic or rhetoric converted the opposing counsel; and the retained advocate for Anaclete declared for his opponent. Anaclete soon after died, and Bernard's last triumph was to persuade Victor, who reigned for a few days as his successor in the Popedom, to renounce of his own accord the empty honour, and so Bernard completed his work.

Now this is just one of many such achievements. Bernard was the most powerful man in Europe. An humble and obscure ecclesiastic, without money or lands, or soldiers

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or connections, by the might of his spirit alone, this emaciated monk kept the world in awe, and, what is still more wonderful, kept the world in peace. He tamed rough Barons, said to Kings "Thus far, but no farther!" He reconciled rival Emperors and Popes, as Conrad with Lothair, and still his highest praise is that he ever took the side which he deemed that of justice, and was ever the determined foe of cruelty and oppression.

But let us next look for a single moment at the *preaching* of Saint Bernard. He was a preacher of wonderful power.

Since I agreed to deliver this lecture, (I confess not previously), I have read a good many of the preserved sermons of Saint Bernard, and I must own it to be very difficult to detect in them any of the elements of the transcendent power which he undoubtedly displayed. Partly perhaps for the reason that his written discourses were prepared chiefly for monastic audiences while his harangues to assembled multitudes fell unpremeditated from his lips.

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His written sermons were in general doctrinal, characterized however by good sense, with very little mixture of superstition, and manifesting the utmost familiarity with Scripture. They quote largely from Augustine and Ambrose, with whose theology Bernard always agrees.

But the secret of his preaching must have been the earnestness of his manner, or rather the intense and burning earnestness of his soul. In this connection, it is instructive to learn that the effect of his preaching was not less but often greater when he was preaching in a language which his audience did not understand. The truth is that in all ages, men, the common run and bulk of men, are far more led and swayed by their feelings and habits and emotions than by their understandings. It is not he who sees the highest truth, but he who touches the deepest chord of feeling that can bend the multitude to his will: and in Bernard we must simply recognise another of the masters of the human lyre, skilled to play upon its thousand strings.

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Consider next the *popularity* of Bernard. The most powerful man is seldom the most popular, and he who courts most the breath of popular applause is often least successful in winning its grateful airs.

Bernard I think dearly loved power, power for its own sake, and probably with a desire to use it for the purest ends. But he cared nothing about popularity, and never so much as turned him round once to obtain it. Still popularity came to him, and in no small measure.

In the latter half of his life he was better known and more honoured than Kings or Princes. When he passed through cities in the course of his numerous journeys, the inhabitants went out to meet him and arranged themselves in ranks for miles along the road, that he might bless them as he passed. Those counted themselves happy who heard him speak, and there was virtue in the touch of his garments. He sometimes required two robes in one day that he might distribute them or suffer them to be drawn by the people in threads! Men left their business

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and trade, the plough stood still in the furrow as he passed, and hard-handed peasants knelt to receive healing virtue from his uplifted finger. At other times he was crowned with garlands, and his way was strewn with flowers.

In the days of Bernard a saint was a popular character, the great man of the kingdom. Rude peasants and crowned Kings kneeled together for his blessing and trembled at his frown. Have we changed altogether for the better? Are the popular idols now of a worthier kind? Have our crowds a higher ideal of humanity? It may not be wise to crown the saint with roses, but is it wiser or better in the 19th century so to crown only the songstress or the ballet-girl?

A few words now on the miracles of Saint Bernard. For *he did work miracles!* manifold, varied and numerous. To doubt it is to be an unbeliever and a scoffer. There exist books on his miracles, attested by scores of eye witnesses, whose testimony nothing but judicial blindness can withstand. (One of these books is a very curious diary, kept

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by Hermann, Bishop of Constance, and nine others, who each narrate what they saw with their own eyes during a journey in the Rhine Provinces). He cured the sick, he healed the hurt. At his command the lame walked, the deaf heard and the blind saw. All kinds of diseases were banished with a touch or by a word, and the powers of nature seemed subject to his will. Sometimes the ludicrous blends with the supernatural; as when in the church of Foigny the saint cursed the swarms of black flies which were interrupting the service, and the offending insects fell dead on the floor; and the "*flies of Foigny*" passed into a proverb for centuries.

But I hear you say, — how do you explain all these so called miracles? — O unbelieving generation! How long will you doubt? The Talisman is FAITH! The witnesses to Saint Bernard's miracles were all earnest and sincere and truthful men, but they were also men of faith, and they had an inner and spiritual vision. And as modern science tells us that the eye can only see what it is prepared for seeing, so

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modern scepticism adds that what the eye is prepared for seeing it will infallibly behold! The miracles of the midde ages however, and of the Roman Catholic Church down to the present day, form far too wide a subject to be even glanced at now. It is closely connected with the modern phenomena of mesmerism, of catalepsy, of spiritualism and of trance.

I wish I could give you some account, however short, of the *controversies* of Bernard. His life was a succession of controversies. The ever wakeful dog of the Church had the keenest nose for heresy, and the deep-mouthed baying of his angry bark was almost constantly heard.

Perhaps his most remarkable controversy was that with the celebrated Abelard, who, famous as he is as a philosopher, is still better known from his union with a far nobler mind than his own, the gifted and the devoted Eloisa. With the story of Abelard and Héloise most of you are familiar, from the Epistles of Pope and many other sources.

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Abelard is justly deemed by Cousin and many other writers as the first to have opened the conflict between the Church and Philosophy, the contest between faith and reason, which has been going on ever since. He enjoyed an enormous reputation at Paris, and was followed and listened to by thousands of students whose minds opened under the boldness of his teaching to enquire into the meaning of the mysteries which the Church held forth. Bernard eyed him as the shepherd's dog eyes the prowling wolf. Very soon his threatening growl was heard, and opportunity was not long wanting for the deadly struggle. I cannot enter on the de, tails of this deeply interesting conflict, or speak of the books, the letters, the answers, the replies which piled themselves on one another. The chief subject of debate was the doctrine of the Trinity. Abelard for a time stood his ground. He challenged Bernard to a public debate before the Synod of Sens. Bernard declined. He knew what he was about, the cunning monk, he knew that he dared not meet in argument the first

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dialectician of the age, and his reply was that "Articles of Religion were not to be made matters of argument, but to be received on authority with the humility of Faith." This reply has been the watchword of the Roman Catholic Church, aye and of other churches too, for seven centuries; and with truth on both sides, if it could but be seen, the battle between Bernard and Abelard is raging still.

But we must leave the combatants. Abelard with all his philosophy, was no match for Bernard's indomitable will. Abelard was condemned. His books were publicly burnt, and he himself recanted his errors. His pupils fiercely defended him, even after his surrender, with all the keen wit and sarcasm for which the French have always been remarkable, wit and sarcasm which Bernard could not meet. But though foiled in argument, Bernard's personal power again triumphed, and Abelard sought and received reconciliation with the Argus of the Church. He entered the cloister at Clugny under Peter the Venerable, and there, and afterwards at Chalons, he spent

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the long and bitter remnant of his days, and ended a life at once the brightest and the saddest that the middle ages can shew. Bernard rejoiced that he had reduced that eloquent voice to silence, and given tranquility to the Church. Thus the Romans, when they had desolated a province and made a solitude, called it Peace.

I have left myself no time to speak of Bernard's *political action*, or even to allude to the story of the Second Crusade, of which he was the cause and the preacher; and I am glad that there is not space to tell of the persecutions which he was constantly instituting against those whom he regarded as heretics or misbelievers. With him, even to think was to transgress, and to enquire into truth was sacrilege. But truth passes like morning from land to land, and those who have sat all night by the candle of tradition cannot exclude the light which streams through every crevice of window or of wall.

Nor can I now detain you with noticing or even mentioning any of the voluminous works of Saint Bernard. Even up to last

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century they have enjoyed a wonderful popularity. They were extensively read before the art of printing was invented and have often been published since; but now they are getting covered with the dust which rests on their undisturbed vellum-covered and thick-ribbed folios, and from which the modern loose-girt scholar turns aside.

I close by a sentence or two on the *character* of Saint Bernard.

"If ever there was a holy monk", said Luther, "it was Saint Bernard of Clairvaux"; and it is impossible to study his life without confirming the great reformer's verdict. Pious, beautifully pious, Bernard worships and adores with a seraph's love and with a seraph's fire! and he only changed his place and not his habit when he joined the angels' choir.

But in wondrous combination with his divine love was his matchless human energy, a force of will and of endurance almost beyond belief, and which held out, Promethean, to the end. He joined guileless simplicity with astutest policy; and his soul, like his eye,

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expressed the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove.

In a formal age, no one clung closer than he did to ceremony and ritual. But though tinctured with superstition, no one inspired the letter more fully with the quickening spirit. There is soul in all he does and in all he says.

By nature gentle and kind, he hated all tyranny but the tyranny of the Church, for his gentleness was subjected mercilessly to his zeal. He would not tread willingly upon a worm, but he would burn men at the stake for attempting to explain the mystery of the Trinity.

He was as bold as a lion, and yet as modest as a violet. As ambitious as Caesar or Napoleon, as humble as Mary Magdalene.

Must it be added, I fear it must! that he did not, except indirectly, do much for humanity. He had no sympathy for advance or progress. He gave no aid to promote a pure theology or a true philosophy, or to emancipate mankind from their long thraldom. He lived in an age when new light was just

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beginning to stream upon the world, but he called on men to close their shutters and stir their fires. Bernard was a mystic, and the age was growing rational.

But I care not to dwell upon his faults and failings, which were rather of the time than of the man. I ask you rather to think of his gifts and of his graces; and so thinking, I trust you will not deem that you have mis-spent an hour midst the gloom of the Dark Ages with *Saint Bernard of Clairvaux.*

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LECTURE IV.

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SUBSTANCE.
A METAPHYSICAL THOUGHT.

Delivered before the
Edinburgh Young Men's Christian Association.
November 1878.

Gentlemen,

Your Committee of management have done me the honour of asking me to deliver the Introductory Lecture of the Series arranged for this winter, and although sorely pressed by other and very different engagements, I have not hesitated to comply.

In common with a large body of my fellow citizens, I feel deeply interested in this and in all similar institutions, having for their object the mental, moral and religious advancement of our youth; — and I think it my duty and the duty of all of us, in our different spheres, and according to our different capacities, powers, and opportunities of culture,

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to do gladly and ungrudgingly whatever we can to promote that free sympathy of intelligent thought, and those answering heart-throbs of noble emotion, which constitute at once the motive energy by means of which we advance, and the health and the well-being which we hope permanently to enjoy.

I am here therefore to-night, by your invitation, freely and frankly to talk with you, man to man, as friend with friend, on some topic which may do us both good; which may separate us a little for the evening or for the moment, from the cares and distresses which oppress or which surround us; which may elevate us, though ever so little, above what is low and earthy and grovelling, and may bathe our spirits, though but for an hour, in airs bearing odours that are heavenly and divine.

I always feel much difficulty in selecting the subject of an Introductory Lecture, and in combining the various and often somewhat inconsistent qualities which an opening address should possess, and in the present case my

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difficulty has been even greater than usual, from causes obvious enough.

On looking over the topics which are to form the themes of your present series of Lectures, as well as those which have served as texts in former years, it has occurred to me that there is room for an Introductory Lecture of a *strictly metaphysical kind*, and indeed that some such lecture is almost imperatively demanded.

The mind requires, now and then, to get away from the clods and the fetters of earth and of sense, away into the empyrean, where the day is ever clear; and to drink, at its purest source, of the first good, first perfect and first fair. Now I take the opportunity of saying to you, — Young men, keenly desirous of mental and moral elevation, — Don't neglect Metaphysics! The Science of Mind, and the doctrine of the Unseen and the Universal! What are proudly though not quite justly called the *Physical Sciences* are perhaps now in the ascendant, (and very self-asserting some of them are); and there are not wanting among their votaries and

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champious those who arrogantly claim for them alone the name of "*Sciences*", as if the polar collocations and the whirling vortices of enchanted atoms were all that ultimately man could really know! There are some who say and think that they could find in the grey matter of the brain the very essence of the soul; and love and reverence and hope and faith and joy they call only the measured cadences of its tremulous vibrations. Now to such materialists, if any such there be, the proper answer is to be found in the truths and in the intuitions of ultimate metaphysics. Only go deep enough, and press analysis far enough, and the most obstinate materialist may be made to see that matter is not *all* the universe, and that there is something below and above and around and within it. Mind is not the outcome of trembling or rotating atoms. Neither qualities of matter nor thoughts of mind are self originated or self sustained. There are other spirits than volatile alcohols or irresolvable gases, and forces far more etherial and dominant than the expansion of steam

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or the explosion of gunpowder or of nitro-glycerine; and vast as is the astonishing magnificence of the universe of suns and their mere material attendants, one soul outweighs them all!

I have chosen then, as the subject of a metaphysical introductory lecture, the word "*Substance*", and I will try so far as I possibly can, in the very short time at our disposal, to give you some idea of the depth and grandeur of its metaphysical meaning, and of the vast and elevating and yet most practical ontological theory with which it is connected.

Let me remind you that the subject is a very difficult one, and one which will require on your part as well as on mine very earnest and close attention, and a considerable effort of sustained and connected thought. I make no apology for asking you to *think*. Your presence here declares your readiness and your anxiety to do so. No truth of the smallest value can be attained without thought, without thought often painfully earnest and protracted. Only to the night-long wrestler comes the blessing.

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Now then, let us think out together what *Substance* is.

But first let me obviate a feeling of surprise which may arise in the minds of some of you, that I should call "*Substance*" either a metaphysical word or a metaphysical idea. It may seem to some of you to be exactly the opposite, the most material of all words, and expressing the most gross and material idea. *Substance!* does it not mean the *matter* of which anything is made? Does it not mean that which we can see and feel and press and handle, that which we touch and taste and smell? Is there anything metaphysical about *substance?* Surely not!

Now undoubtedly it is very common to use the word *substance* in a material sense, as meaning various kinds and sorts of matter. But this is not at all the proper and the highest sense of the word, and is indeed the very opposite of what I mean to speak of in this lecture: and the very first exercise of thought which I ask from you to-night is (and it may be a difficult and hard effort to some of you), to dismiss absolutely from

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your minds all preconceived impressions of material meanings of the word *substance*; to rub out, so to speak, all material definitions; and to prepare as it were, a blank, to receive with freshness and impartiality its metaphysical import. We shall see that material ideas are not necessarily excluded, although other and far deeper thoughts are included and involved.

It is and has always been one of the mischiefs and miseries of philosophy that almost all its words have been preoccupied by one or by many physical or material senses or significations, and they have to be purified by a new and regenerative baptism for the service of its mental and spiritual temple.

"Substance", according to its etymology, is derived from two Latin words, "*sub*" "under", and "*stans*" "standing"; and it literally means that which *stands under* and supports anything. *Stans* has the force of subsisting, or permanently maintaining its position or office, and *sub* may mean in or within as well as under, and so we may paraphrase the word *substance* as signifying

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— "*That hidden reality which exists under the external appearance and qualities of anything, and to which all its appearances and all its qualities and attributes are to be ascribed.*"

This meaning of the word substance, which flows you see directly from its etymology, expresses generally its metaphysical or philosophical meaning. More shortly, "The *substance* of any thing is *that in which all its appearances, powers and qualities really subsist.*"

Now I do not intend this to be a strict and logical definition of the word "substance." It is rather a popular description and explanation, than a technical definition; but I think it is the best way to begin to introduce to your notice this grand word, — perhaps, when its full significance is seen, the grandest word in any language. I am quite serious in this, and I hope before I have done to make you think so too.

"Substance" has been one of the central words, and one of the central thoughts, in the discussions and in the controversies of

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Philosophy for more than two thousand years; and many, probably hundreds, of definitions of it have been attempted. Of course, it is out of the question to enter upon any examination of these; and most of them are so technical, that it would require a great deal of explanation, even to make their phraseology intelligible: — into this discussion, therefore, I cannot go to-night. But just to give you an idea of the matter, I will select as an example the definition given by one of the most eminent of the philosophers who have treated of substance; — — I mean Benedictus de Spinoza; — and it will open perhaps a glimpse into the kind of disquisitions to which the subject leads.

Spinoza wrote in Latin, and some of you may like to hear the original words, — here they are. "Substantia est id quod in se est, et per se concipitur hoc est. Id, cujus conceptus non indiget conceptu alterius rei." "Substance is that which exists in and by itself alone, and which can be conceived only by itself; that is, the conception of which needs the conception of nothing else whatever."

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I think you will see at once, without my pointing it out, into what a sea of subtile and delicate metaphysical speculation a definition like this would lead us. Existence in and by itself! Conception by itself alone, exclusion of all other conceptions, and so on; — and I think you will agree with me, that we had better leave alone the rival definitions of philosophers, and content ourselves for the hour with a popular explanation.

It is enough for our present purpose, then, to say that Substance is that in which all the appearances, powers and qualities of anything really consist: and I think it will sufficiently bring the conception home to you if I explain shortly, and still in popular and common language, some of the connected or relative ideas. Indeed you will not otherwise fully grasp the meaning of Substance itself.

The opposite or counterpart of Substance is called generally "*Form*"; and form and substance together make up the thing. Form means a great deal more than the mere shape or configuration of an object. It embraces

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all its outward and external qualities, and all its powers and attributes; in short, everything that makes the object what it is, everything by which it can be known or recognised; and Substance is the hidden bond which unites all these in *one*. And so, as you will easily imagine, *form* and *substance* together play an important part in the Scholastic disputations of the Philosophic ages.

Another pair of expressions nearly equivalent to Form and Substance, and which constantly recur in literature is "*appearance* and *essence*"; appearance corresponding to form and essence answering to substance, though the meaning is not quite equivalent. Here again, I need hardly say, "appearance" is not confined to the mere visual qualities of the thing, — qualities that can be seen, — but includes every attribute manifested by and proper to the object, whether it be corporal or mental, seen or unseen. *Essence* and *essential* and similar words have led to a world of endless controversy.

I will only notice one other parallel conception or duplicate conception, which occu-

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pies a large region in the fields of metaphysics, I mean the Greek distinction between what they called the *Phenomenon* and the *Noumenon*. Do not be afraid of the words. They are not difficult to grasp, they are largely used even in modern literature, and they are really very useful. It is impossible to get along at all unless we have a tolerably clear conception of what is meant by *Phenomena* and by all the relative expressions.

Phenomena, from the Greek word φαίνεσθαι to appear, means all things seen or apparent either to the bodily eye or to the mental vision, and all their qualities and attributes, and all their changes. The phenomenal universe is everything that man can see or know either in matter or in mind. On the other hand the *noumenon* or *noumena*, words much less used, come from a different root, νοῦς the mind, and signify the unchanging essences on which all appearances or *phenomena* depend, and which essences mind alone can apprehend. The *noumenon* is that which is behind, and which causes every phenomenon

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and every change, but which is independent of and unaffected by them all; and in Greek philosophy this noumenon very nearly corresponds to the Latin word *substance*. I have not time, and it would serve no good purpose, to trace the refined distinctions.

I should add, and the observation is a very important one, that there is a very close connection and relationship between the ideas we have now been considering and the grand and cardinal conception of *cause and effect*, a conception which you know lies at the very root not only of philosophy but also of religion. If I had time and opportunity, which I have not now and here, I think I could demonstrate, that in the deepest and last analysis the conception of *substance* is identical with that of *cause*, and that on this conception — a conception it may be with a double aspect, substantial and causal — there rests not only the whole structure of philosophy, but the very possibility of religion and of piety. So that without the doctrine, the true doctrine, of substance and of cause, philosophy would

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be a delusion and religion a dream. Just let me say in passing, and I say it with the deep seriousness of profoundest conviction, that true philosophy and true religion must stand or fall together. If philosophy be a delusion, religion can hardly escape being shown to be a dream. Perhaps as we go on with our consideration of "*Substance*", we shall begin to see how truly it is the very foundation stone.

I trust you have now some general idea of what I mean, when I say, — all that we see, all that we know, all that we infer or think, are only *forms*, *appearances*, *phenomena;* but that *substance* is what underlies, and supports, and I may say causes them all; although I think *cause* is not so good a word as *substance*, not so full of meaning, not so rich in comfort and in joy.

I proceed next to take a few examples, and to apply to them the great and the grand doctrine and principle of an immanent and underlying substance. I think I may now venture to call the doctrine a great and a grand one, for I hope that its majesty

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is beginning to loom upon your minds.

I will select my examples in an ascending scale, and if you will go up with me step by step I think we may hope to reach the Mount of Transfiguration and almost to see the glory! If you will only give me your strength and strive upwards with me, I think I can almost promise you that even within our hour, we shall enter the white cloud that rests upon the summit, and feel the dazzling of the light that is ineffable!

Let me lift first a common stone or pebble from any beach. Its rounded shape, its smooth or rough surface, its colour, its hardness, its weight, and so on; its chemical action or reaction if any, its temperature, its electric state, — all these are its qualities or attributes, its "*form*" in the special sense of the word which I have already explained, its "*phenomena*", but what is its substance?

Now to this quesion the answer may be, — It is granite, or quartz, or felspar, or iron, or sandstone: — and such answers would correctly state its substance in a common and usual acceptation of the word.

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From such substance would flow its apparent qualities, and the two together, in common language, would describe or make up the stone.

A piece of wood or other organic body might be taken next, and after observing its external qualities, its substance would require a more complicated enumeration; for besides consisting of carbon and hydrogen and other constituents, these are organized into fibres and cells and arranged in very special layers and circles in beautiful order and symmetry; — and this would be *its* substance.

In like manner we might proceed to a plant or a tree, and leaving out of view its living changes of growth and decay (for I will come to these by and bye), we might without impropriety describe its substance as the wondrous complication of cells and tissues and vessels in stem and twig and leaf. And we might take any other external objects destitute of life, and deal with them in the same way; and a shallow, but not necessarily false analysis might conclude

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that we have made a reasonable synthesis of form and substance.

You will notice that in all these cases substance is used quite allowably in a material sense. We have only named material substances, and in many similar cases it may not be necessary to enquire farther.

But now let us go a little deeper, or a little higher, (and height and depth are the same in the matter, and indeed are always merely relative terms), and in order to farther advance let us go back to our stone or pebble; or rather, and for the sake of variety let us take instead say a piece of *iron*, and let us ask seriously but firmly, what is the substance of the iron? What is it that gives it its peculiar and characteristic properties? It will not do to say — the substance of the *iron* is just *iron*, a primary metal of certain qualities. That is no answer at all. We know without being told that iron is iron, and that it is classed as a metal. What we want to know is, — what makes it iron? and whence come those peculiar properties? Why is it iron and not

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gold or copper or something else? Now here the pure materialist will probably begin to find himself in a little difficulty, and may perhaps answer that he does not know. And in this answer we entirely agree with him, we do not know either. Not one bit! But we beg to remind our friend, and to remind ourselves, that there must be something to produce or account for those marked and well known properties of iron! There can be no form or quality without substance, no appearance without reality, no phenomena without a noumenon, no effect without a cause! Thus pressed, our friendly materialist, if he be intelligent, will probably say that the peculiar properties of iron must be owing either to the inherent powers, forces or polarities of the ultimate atoms of the iron, or to some pecularities in the motions, vibrations or rotations *inter se* of the atoms of which the iron is composed. (I ought to remind you in passing that it is now quite fixed that the atoms even of the densest solid not only do not touch one another, but are besides in active motion, whether of vibration

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or of rotation or of some other kind. Our friendly colloquist knows this, and his answer is based upon it.) He ascribes the properties of the iron to the forces or to the motions of its ultimate atoms, and therein consists its substance. Now I at once and most cordially accept the answer. It is not only acute and ingenious, but it is perfectly candid, and I entirely agree with it. I think that in one or other of its branches it is almost certainly true. To understand iron, to get at its substance, we must look to the forces and to the motions, or to both, of its molecules or of its ultimate atoms. I see no alternative or way of escape at all.

But now I beg leave to observe, and I pray you, Gentlemen, most emphatically to take notice, that we have got in this answer, and in the *substance* which we have now reached, new elements which are *not* material, I mean force and energy and motion. I entreat you, Gentlemen, grasp these new elements firmly, particularly *force*, or *energy*, for I think motion is just a form of force, hold them fast and never let them go. We

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cannot do without them, the materialist cannot do without them. Neither can I! and I shall have need of them immediately again. In the meantime however, I must leave these for a few moments, but I leave them as part of the substance and essence to which we have now reduced our *iron*.

I now propose, Gentlemen, to lead you back to the plant or the tree which we stood still to observe a few minutes ago, but we will go back to it now, not as to a fixed form, dead and motionless, but as to a living, growing, actively changing being; guided by wondrous laws, and moulded into wondrous beauty. Or rather, for exhaustless riches are around us, let us not pause at the single plant; — but enter the garden or the greenhouse, and gaze at the matchless wealth of loveliness which surrounds us. Mark the innumerable leaves and buds and blossoms and flowers, each with outlines and undulations delicate and exquisite as the fluted feathering of an angel's pinion, and tinted and shaded and glowing with hues

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that would seem to have come from the garden of heaven. Now while you stand entranced by the dream-like beauty, rivetted in extasy with the quivering and delicately odorous loveliness which surrounds you, I ask; — what is the *substance* which underlies all these? I ask and I must have an answer! These are but forms and appearances, what is the *substance* that is below? These are but the passing and evanescent phenomena of spring or of summer, fading as do summer flowers! Is there a permanent noumenon beyond? If these are effects, where is the cause? I wait for the answer! And here it comes from our friend the materialist. But I will call him materialist no longer, for his materialism seems fading away like our own flowers, and something very like spirit appears to have enchanted his atoms and given them supernal powers. Here is his answer. "All that amazing prodigality of floral loveliness is the result of the action of vital forces and vegetable laws, the laws of vegetable life or vegetable energy:" and he adds, — "and all these laws and forces

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and energies are inherent in that form of matter which we call *protoplasm*." My friend, for he is my friend, and I respect and admire him, goes on to say that a plant, with all its leaves and efflorescence and all its parts, is strictly a *protoplasmic crystal*, formed by forces and laws of the same order as those which form crystals of quartz or of antimony, and he somewhat deprecatingly whispers, — "there is really no more to be said about it." I name no names, though I could easily do so; — the theory I allude to is somewhat widely held, and is really very ingenious and enticing. It is a delightful speculation.

Now then, I accept the reply and I am quite willing to go along with it all the way. I am ready to admire and love flowers under their new name of protoplasmic crystals, and I have something far higher than admiration for the unspeakably marvellous force, for the amazing crystal and chymic and cosmic virtue, which out of surrounding atomic confusion can educe the rose and the lily and the violet.

It may be that this force is similar in kind

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to that which we found shaking the tremulous atoms of the *iron*, but if so, how changed from then! How has it been transfigured and glorified in its upward progress from the metal to the rose!

But the main point which I am anxious to note here as before, is this; — that the *substance* or *cause* which evolves or produces all the infinite forms of vegetation is not *matter*, dead and inert, but a mysterious force or energy or set of forces and energies which are somehow connected with that combination of C. O. H. N. which we call protoplasm. I ask you, Gentlemen, to note and grasp these new forces so wisely potent, and to hold them fast. I shall call for them again by and bye!

Once more, Gentlemen, (for we must hasten onward, and I thank God that we are able to get *upward* as well as onward) I invite you to meet with me our earthborn companions, our fellow creatures of the clay, to whom, although their look is mostly earthward, God has given with us one breath. As we watch the wonderful ways of animals,

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and study the infinitely varied plans of their life and works, what questions press upon our minds! What does it all mean? What is the *substance* which animates and directs these wondrous forms? Whence comes the inspiration of the horse or the elephant, of the swallow or the stork, of the emmet or the bee?

Now to all these questions about animals, which have pressed upon men in all ages, two main answers have been given; and both replies may still be heard in the regions of speculation. One answer is, — that in very deed there are souls in animals, souls like our own; spirits that animate their varied forms, minds looking speechless through their pleading eyes, mutely asking man's higher form to solve the problem of their common existence and of their common woe. But their brother of the clay is dumb, and can only half articulately murmur "who knoweth the spirit of a man that goeth upward" (or "that it goeth upward") "and the spirit of a beast that goeth downward to the earth?" "Yea verily! they have all one breath, so that a man hath no

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preeminence over a beast;" and perhaps he may add with the preacher, "for all is vanity."

The other answer is earlier in date in the history of human thought, and methinks it has a nobler tone. It thrills a deeper cord within us. It is this; — that God himself is the soul of brutes! "Automata" are they? Aye, but their mainspring is the Eternal, and every wheel and every pinion is guided by the Infinite! This is the root thought of the fetishism of the Indian or of the Hottentot, and this is what the Egyptian felt when he saw sacredness in the crocodile, in the ibis or in the beetle. And we all have the feeling still, and I say with the poet; —

> "— Reason vaunt o'er instinct as you can,
> In *this* 'tis God directs, in *that* 'tis man."

I ought next to consider in proper order; — what is the essence and *substance* of *man?* and this in certain views would lead us into very extensive fields and into long and interesting disquisitions.

Our time however will not permit me to enter upon this ample territory or even to

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point out its departments; and as we have still very important steps to take in our search after absolute *substance*, I trust I may be permitted to assume without argument, especially in an association like this; — that the substance and essence of a man is his *reasonable* and *intelligent soul.* This is the cause and the explanation of all the phenomena which man presents, and as I know you are all satisfied of this I will say no more on the point; but will advance in our upward progress towards "Substance" in itself, for you know this is what we are aiming at all through. And our time warns us that we must advance with somewhat rapid steps. I am sure however that you will easily follow me although I pass quickly on.

And to come to the root and bottom of the matter at once, — I ask you to look at these *forces* and *energies* and *laws of nature* and *laws of life* and so on, which we have found as we went along to have so much to do with the phenomena we have been examining. I told you to notice well these forces and energies as we came to

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them, and to grasp them and hold them fast for we should want them again.

And now the question is, what are those forces and energies, innate in matter forsooth, innate in *protoplasm*, innate in organization and on which so much reliance is placed? Do these forces and energies explain anything? Do they not just put the question farther back or farther on? — For the question is, — what is the substance of all the forces and energies themselves? They are not final and ultimate, they themselves need explanation, there must be something behind and beyond them. They are not self-originated, they are not self-maintained, they are but words telling us to go deeper and to go higher, and they all seem to say to the anxious enquirer, — "*not in us, not in us.*"

And now my friends, I think you are ready for our last upward step. The force behind and in all forces, the energy of all energies, the explanation of all explanations, the cause of all causes and of all effects, the soul that is within and below and behind

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each soul, the mind that inspires and animates and thinks in each mind, in one word the substance of all substances, the substance of all forms, of all phenomena, of all manifestations, is *God.*

"Nature! 'Tis but the name of an effect." The cause is *God!* Now we have reached a substance that does not in its turn become merely a form or phenomenon, — a substance which has nothing behind it, but of which all things past, present or future are but the *forms.*

Said I not that the word *substance* was perhaps the grandest word in any language? There can be none grander. It is the true name of *God.* Every line of thought meets here. Every eager question is answered here. Every difficultly and perplexity is resolved here. Here the philosopher must rest. Here the ignorant must repose.

Do you not feel with me that it is almost profane to apply the word *Substance* to anything short of God? All lesser meanings are inadequate, all lower meanings are base. The universe and all its phenomena, suns

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and galaxies — with their inconceivable dependences, other universes, countlessly unthought, because unthinkable by finite minds, all, — all, — are but the forms of the Infinite, the shadows of the Substance that is One for ever.

We have now seen, my friends, how those laws and forces of nature, and those energies and qualities said to be inherent in matter, are themselves but forms and qualities and manifestations of *The Substance*, that is, of the God that is behind them, and to whom alone they owe their being. There cannot be a self-existent force or a self-subsisting force. There cannot be an energy that is due only to itself alone and which is independent of everything else. If there could be, — such force, such energy, would be itself a god, and would share the sceptre of the Infinite. But that is impossible, for there can be but *one infinite*.

It is mere repetition to say, — but it is not idle and vain repetition to say it, That if God be the *substance*, the *essence* of every force and of every being, He must be the

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very substance and essence of the *human soul.* The human soul is neither self-derived nor self-subsisting. It did not make itself. It cannot exist alone. It is but a manifestation, a phenomenon. It would vanish if it had not a substance, and its substance is God. Then it follows, infallibly follows, — but it is not needless to say it, God is the substance of your soul and of mine, aye, the very substance, its very self, in strictest truth. And your soul and mine are but "forms" of God, (I am using the word in the scientific and strictly technical sense which I have explained), are but forms of God, dependent upon God the only "substance," for our momentary continuance.

And if God be the substance of our souls, He must also be the substance of our thoughts and of all our actions. Thoughts and actions are not self-sustaining and self-producing any more than worlds. They are mere manifestations first of our souls, but next and far more truly manifestations of God who is our ultimate Substance. "In Him we live and move and have our being." Observe

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the emphasis and the force of the *in*. "*In Him.*" It is not said "by him" or "from him" or "through him" or "by his power." These may be all true, but not the truth declared here. It is *in* Him that we *have our being*. We are *parts* of the Infinite, literally, strictly, scientifically so. A human soul or a human thought outside of God would be a rival deity!

I pause here for a moment to remind you that I am not here to-night as a preacher, to teach theology, or even to teach religion, in the common sense of the word. I am here simply and solely as a scientific lecturer, trying to point out to you strict rigid scientific metaphysic and mental truth. I have not gone a single step out of my way as a student of metaphysic and mental science, and if I have had to speak to you of God, frankly and freely, that is only because God is necessarily found by all who fairly follow up the scientific idea of *substance* to its deepest roots and to its highest sources. The highest science always becomes religious, — nay, religion itself.

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Let me also ask you, as an humble but thorough-going disciple of science, to take nothing on my word, nothing on my authority or on the authority of any other man. Science knows no authority but the intuition of truth. Search for yourselves, and see if we have not been speaking the words of truth and soberness. A young mens' Christian Association should above all things be *free*. Free in the noblest and highest sense. The truth — fear it not in any guise — the truth shall make you free.

To resume, — and I think I shall make this my last observation, although the subject is inexhaustible. If God be the *substance* of all forces and powers and of all beings, then He must be the *only substance*, the only substance in the universe or in all possible universes. This is the grand truth on which the system of Spinoza is founded, and his whole works are simply drawing deductions therefrom.

"I am and there is none besides me," — no being, no thing, no existence, — *I am*, and nothing else *is*.

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If there could be two substances (and this idea of two substances is at the bottom of Dualism under all its names, it is found in a thousand forms in almost all religions); if anything else but God existed, anything outside God, anything of which God was not the substance, — then there would be two Gods, and *neither* of them would be *infinite.*

But I must forbear farther to trace the consequences of God being seen as the eternal and *only substance.* The subject may be expanded into many volumes. I think all of you must be satisfied by this time, that if this be a part of metaphysics, if this be only one chapter of metaphysics, these metaphysics can be no empty and barren science, but must be fraught with results and lessons as momentous as they are divine.

Take it not amiss if I add; — See to it that you be as humble as you are free. *Humanum est errare.* Error is natural, perhaps unavoidable to man, — but if we rest upon him, he who is our *Substance* will also be our *Guide.*

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LECTURE V.

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LAW A SCHOOLMASTER; OR, THE EDUCATIONAL FUNCTION OF JURISPRUDENCE.

Introductory Address delivered before the Juridical Society, Edinburgh, November 1878.

My Lord Justice-General and Gentlemen, Members and Friends of the Juridical Society, on the opening night of our one hundredth and fifth session, I greet you well! Every epoch of progress, every marked point in evolution, every new page in history or in life, is, or ought to be, a festival, on which, pausing as it were but for a moment, we *rejoice*, at once in the memories of the past and in the hopes of the future. We rejoice, I say; for rightly understood, here or hereafter, every history and every life will at last be found to be but an unfolding of joy.

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Gladly I join with you, therefore, in this our recurring celebration. Each opening winter is to us the green spring of our intellectual year, and gathering what we may of the spring flowers, which are at once the "immortelles" of our past and the fresh buds of our future, I desire to unite with you to-night, in twining, however loosely, some sort of wreath, however frail, which may serve at least for an hour, as a chaplet for the tomb of departed sessions, and as a garland for the fresh youth and promise of the session which opens on us to day.

Quitting for a moment the language of metaphor; — you have honoured me by asking me to deliver an introductory address, and I have tried to find a few thoughts which might be not unsuitable to the place and to the hour. Such as they are, I present them; and I trust to your generous indulgence to forgive their ragged poverty, and rather to imagine what, under more fortunate auspices and in better hands, they might possibly have become.

Law is the leading subject to which your Society is devoted, and legal inquiries and

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legal discussions occupy most of your evenings; and although, as you (my Lord Justice-General) well remarked at this Society's Centenary, man cannot live by law *alone*, and therefore your constitution wisely demands that speculative and general subjects shall receive a share of your attention, still I deem it most appropriate that an opening address should bear some relation, or have some kinship or affinity, to the great theme which gives your Society its name. It would be strange if one should wander into foreign fields for fitting words wherewith to welcome a Legal Society.

I have selected as a topic, perhaps not unsuitable, and certainly not barren or unfruitful, *Juridical Science*, viewed strictly as an engine for the *education of man*. I have ventured to entitle this address "*Law a Schoolmaster*; *or*, *The Educational Function of Jurisprudence*", and, with a topic so vast and so fertile, my sole difficulty will be to cull only the leading principles, and to compress within reasonable compass only the essential elements.

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If the question were put, What is the great and leading purpose and end of Jurisprudence or Law in any state or nation? it would undoubtedly be a true and correct answer to say, The protection and security of life, liberty, and property among all the members of the community. And that law and that system of jurisprudence is the best which most perfectly accomplishes this object.

Every civilized community or state must select those rights and duties, the protection and enforcement of which it deems essential to the general wellbeing. It must *select*, I say; for it is not every right and every duty which can be enforced by law even in its most perfect form. An old Scottish lawyer quaintly said, "You cannot *poind* for charity," and so you cannot by any decree *ad factum præstandum*, or by any form of diligence, compel kindness, or consideration, or courtesy; — the highest duties are ever outside the region of earthly law.

Still there are some duties and some rights which may, in some good measure, and in a reasonable degree, be secured in obser-

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vance and enjoyment by wisely framed laws; and each state will select for definition and enforcement (and the selection will constantly vary, according to circumstances) what it deems most essential for the commonweal. And this commonweal, or the greatest possible good and wellbeing of the community is and ought always to be the great end and object of every system of law. This is what may be called *law's chief end.*

But every mechanism in action, especially when the machinery is vast and complicated, besides serving its primary purpose, produces many indirect and incidental consequences. This is only an illustration of a principle of the very broadest and widest application, the principle, namely, that every cause produces — every single cause produces — *more than one effect.* Thus you cannot by any process produce *intense heat* without at the same time producing light and expansion and electricity, and various chemical results, and so in other cases which I need not mention. The principle is so well recognised that, in the language

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of evolution, it has got an established name. It is called the "law of *the multiplication of effects*," and hence the ever-increasing complication of all human and of all earthly affairs.

In accordance with this law, every system of jurisprudence, with the machinery necessary for its application, besides accomplishing more or less perfectly its primary object, the security in society of life and liberty and property, produces a vast number of indirect incidental and consequential effects, many of which are of striking interest, and some of which operate continuous, enduring, and momentous changes in the lives, character, and progress of the people subjected to their influence.

To one of these indirect influences of any system of law I propose to ask your attention for a short time to-night. I venture to call it the *educational influence of law*, and I trust the topic will not be deemed inappropriate as an introduction to your winter session.

Yes, law is indeed an *educator*, a *teacher*, and the education which he gives is national,

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universal, and compulsory. In his ample schoolrooms there are places for all, and the pupil people, willing or unwilling, must learn his rigid lore, and what is more, they never fail to reach the standards of the appointed code. If the teaching is good and the standards high — if the law is just and right and noble — blessed be the people, assured of an onward and an upward course, ever nearing "perfection's sacred heights." But the converse holds also; and if the teaching of law is bad — if the national code is unjust and unrighteous, or low and degrading, so assuredly will the nation be; and under such tuition it will sink downward towards barbarism and blackness and death. Individuals may sometimes here and there rise above unjust and debasing laws; but never until the law be holy and its atmosphere be purged, never till then can the masses of the population breathe pure air, and either see or rejoice in the light of heaven.

Now, if law or jurisprudence — the law or jurisprudence of any country — be an educator or teacher, perhaps the first question

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is, What does it teach? And here the motto of your Society, taken from the Roman law, supplies me with a full and adequate answer, "*Jurisprudentia Justiciæ Scientia.*" Jurisprudence or law is the science of justice, and therefore *justice* must be that which jurisprudence teaches, inculcates, and enforces. If I am asked again, But what is justice? Is it a thing which can be fixed and defined, or is it not a variable relation, a fluxion ever changing, an incommensurable quantity which cannot be limited either in words or in figures? To reply to this question, I think I cannot do better than betake myself to the same source as that from which you have drawn the motto which forms the legend on your emblazonment; and I trust that a "Juridical Society" will not deem me pedantic if I reply in the words of Ulpian, "*Justicia est constans et perpetua voluntas suum cuique tribuendo.*" Justice is the constant and eternal will and effort to render unto every one his due; to which I add, with the later commentators, "*et tributio vel distributis ipsa,*" and the actual rendering or awarding

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to each that which is his own — *suum cuique* — that which belongs to each as his own and in his own right, which is his property, his earning, his desert.

And if any exigeant and inquisitive hearer presses me still further, and unreasonably demands that I shall exactly and precisely tell him what is this right which belongs to every man — what is this "*jus suum cuique tribuendum*" — this proper and peculiar and inalienable heritage of each man, which he may demand as of right, and which none may deny or withold; I am ready to meet this insatiable questioner also, and I say to him — adopting the definition of Herbert Spencer — that the *right* which belongs primarily, absolutely, and indefeasibly to every man, and of which no man can be deprived without outraging the laws of Heaven's Chancery, is "the right to exercise and enjoy to the fullest and to the uttermost *all the faculties* which God has given him, limited only by this, that he shall allow, and not interfere with or destroy, precisely the same liberty and enjoyment in every

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one else." I regard this as one of the best definitions of primary human right which has yet been framed. It admits, if applied accurately, of being wrought out to the uttermost, and of being succesfully carried into the minutest particular of infinite detail. It is the technical embodiment and the scientific expression of the principle upon which rests the Divine precept, "Whatsoever therefore ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" "this is the law and the prophets." This is the root and foundation of that eternal equity or equality which rules over all, and which flows from the Divine nature itself. "O house of Israel, are not my ways equal? saith the Lord." And so, in a mysterious sense, it is said of the city of God, the perfection of holiness, — "The length and the breadth and the height of it are *equal.*"

So much shortly for definition — necessarily very shortly, for I cannot stay to vindicate the definitions in detail. I know well how true it is that "*omnis definitio difficilis et periculosa;*" and if in the judg-

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ment of any I have not succeeded, I trust I shall not be without some little credit for having at least boldly faced both the difficulty and the danger.

Having thus seen what is the nature of that justice or equity, to teach and to impress which is so important a function of jurisprudence, I have next to remark that this justice or equity so taught does not cover or embrace the whole field of morality or ethics. Speaking generally, and without any attempt at strict scientific accuracy or precision, ethics or morality may be said to consist of three great regions or departments, which may be briefly characterized as embracing man's duty to his God, his duty to himself, and his duty to his neighbour. Now it is only the last of these three great divisions which, properly speaking, forms the province of jurisprudence or municipal law. Such law — municipal law — has only to do with man in society, with the rights and duties which arise to him as a social being, as a member of a community or a state. It is very important in many

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regards that this distinction should be kept clearly and prominently in sight. Jurisprudence — human municipal law — has no concern, directly and immediately, either with a man's duty to his God or with his duty to himself; and any attempted interference with either province for itself and for its own sake, and apart from society, is not only really impossible, and sure ultimately to be useless and abortive, but such interference is forbidden by the highest and most sacred principles of ethics and morality, and the contravention of these principles has in all ages been fraught with unmixed mischiefs and untold miseries.

To try to fix, to define, and to enforce a man's duty to himself alone, and apart altogether from the interests and the rights of his fellows, would be to ignore and to destroy that equal and inalienable right which I have already claimed for every man to use and enjoy to the fullest all his faculties, provided only he leaves entire and untouched the very same equal use and equal enjoyment to every other. His rights

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can only be limited by the equal rights of his neighbour — using that word neighbour in its widest sense as including all men and their descendants. Beyond that, the question must be left to each man himself, and to his Maker, whence he came.

The case is still worse when positive law attempts to define and enforce, apart from the rights of society, a man's duty to his God alone. Who art thou, O man! O legislator! who venturest to fix and limit and arrange the claims and rights of the Almighty?

But while all this is true, it must not be forgotten that the unity of man's life and being produces a very close, and perhaps inseparable, connection between all his rights and all his duties, however they may be classified. It is frequently difficult, and often impossible, to say how far society is or is not interested in a man's private conduct, in his hidden acts, or even in his thoughts or his secret devotions; and there will always be a wide debateable territory in which the interference of positive law may sometimes at least, according to circumstances,

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be imperative or permissible. All these questions, however, open vast fields of inquiry, upon which I cannot enter, but at which I can only rapidly glance as I pass on. And I proceed, therefore, to show or to indicate how it is, and in what ways it is, that jurisprudence or municipal law acts as a powerful and effective teacher or educator of the people in the principles and in the practice of social justice or morality. Here, again, I can do little more than name my propositions. Your time forbids all argument and all discussion, and I can only suggest the modes in which a system of jurisprudence originates and forms the thoughts, moulds and modifies the opinions, educes and directs the sentiments and emotions, fixes and perpetuates the habits and manners, and at last governs and controls the whole lives and conduct of the great masses of the population. How is a result so grand and mighty as this effected and brought about? Now, here I observe —

First, That every system of jurisprudence — every code, either written or customary,

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of positive municipal law, by the mere fact of its existence, operates as an authoritative declaration of what justice and equity really are. Every law, by its enactment or by its recognition and enforcement, virtually asserts itself to be just and right and true. No law, so to speak, ever pleads guilty to being unjust. It always holds itself out as an embodiment more or less perfect of absolute equity.

Now, in morality, as well as in science and in religion, the great mass of mankind are governed solely by authority. Even in relation to the most important doctrines of religion, doctrines involving not only temporal but eternal interests, the beliefs and the conduct of untold multitudes are governed and regulated simply and solely by what they have been told by those whom they accept as their authorized guides and directors, and whom they accept as such sometimes on the slenderest and the most infirm grounds. Do we not see in every country and in every nation that the religion of whole peoples and communities is determined by the mere ac-

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cidents of their birth, or of the society among which their lot has been cast? They belong as a rule to what they call the Church of their fathers; and very often the best reason they can give for any faith that is in them is that it was their father's creed. I am not saying that this is wrong — probably it is inevitable. But I do say that it is a striking instance of how much the masses of mankind are prepared to accept, simply on what in a broad sense I call authority.

So it is with matters of science. Few indeed, very few, are either capable of verifying scientific truth or in circumstances enabling them to do so. The bulk of us must accept on trust what is told us through the recognised channels, and must passively receive the facts so given, and experience shows that we may safely do so.

Now, although morality is different from either religion or science, the case is exactly the same with it, though perhaps not to the same degree. The great bulk of men take their morality — their standards of right and wrong — from tradition, and from the au-

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thority of those among whom they live and move. It is vain to talk of morality being instinctive, and always and in all persons everywhere the same. This may be true of certain great moral truths which have been inwrought and practised for centuries, and which have become through many generations inborn parts of our nature, and common to the whole race. But the minuter details of morality vary in different countries and in different ages, and even in different extended societies and classes of men. Our moral sentiments, the accuracy and the vividness of our moral perceptions, and the certainty with which they act on our conduct, greatly depend on the moral atmosphere in which we live, and on the moral height and lucidity of the society which surrounds us; and this is what I mean when I say that the generality of men take their morality upon authority. They do and feel just as their reputable neighbours do, and they feel and conclude that what every one does cannot be wrong.

The deliverance which the municipal and

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positive law of any country gives upon a question of morality — upon a question of right or wrong — is generally the most weighty and authoritative that can be given. Surely what the law declares to be right must really be so. Surely what the law compels or enforces must be inherently and in the highest sense lawful. No louder, no more commanding external voice can be heard; and as a rule the multitude hear and acquiesce, and the civil or municipal law gives tone and colour to the morality of the nation. Few indeed are the peoples, comparatively few the individuals, who have a higher and nobler scale of morality on matters regulated by law than that which the law itself has determined. It is almost as difficult to rise above the general level of morality as it is to fly above the level of the earth.

And when at last a law is discovered by a few heaven-enlightened minds to be morally imperfect or morally wrong, how difficult it often is to break its thrall or procure its repeal or amendment! How the

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masses cling to it as good enough for them! How are the reformers stigmatized as utopian or visionary! The wisdom of our ancestors is declared to be better than the speculations of innovators, and the old landmarks are preferred to the new limits and definitions of an upstart system of ethics. Many a wrong has been perpetuated, not in the outward practice only, but in the hearts and minds and emotions of nations, simply because it has got consecrated by law.

But, second, I proceed to suggest, as another reason why the law of any country is a powerful and effective teacher and regulator of its morals, this: that by its nature law is permanent, continuous, and enduring, and for lengthened periods it forms and governs the customs of the country in which it is in force. This of course applies pre-eminently to what is called *customary law*; but even statutory law in a very short time affects the habits of the community, and becomes customary too.

I need not remind you of the vast and paramount influence which custom exerts on

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our feelings and emotions, upon our opinions and our conduct. The proverb says we are the very creatures of custom. Custom has made and formed us into what we are; and have we not all felt the thraldom of custom's chains? Now, custom is not less powerful over the moral part of our nature than over the physical and intellectual parts of it. Our morality is to a large extent moulded and modified by custom, by the universal usage of ourselves and of our companions. The wrong that is done by all soon ceases to be thought wrong, and may even come to be regarded as a kind of virtue; conscience gets seared and hardened, its admonitions cease to be regarded, and the vice which at first

> "seemed of such frightful mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen;
> When seen too oft, familiar with its face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace!"

Now, the most powerful and most influential of all customs are *legal customs;* and when legal customs — customs resting upon law — sanction wrong, or warrant or

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encourage vice or injustice, it is hardly possible to overstate the mischief they will do. A good law, and a righteous or virtuous custom, will elevate and exalt a nation; a bad law, or a vicious custom sanctioned by law, will sink it deeper and deeper in degradation.

Before I pass on, and in order to make my meaning clear, and to illustrate the effect of law upon national morality, let me name two instances. Hundreds of instances might be given, but your time will not admit of more than two, and I select them almost at random.

Take, for instance, the case of the *slave trade*. While this hideous traffic was sanctioned by law, and was *legally* — save the mark! — legally carried on, how difficult, how impossible, it was to get people to see and feel how unjust and how horrible it was! Christian men were proprietors of slave-ships, Christian planters bought cargoes of slaves, Christian churches and ministers were supported by the labour of the stolen negroes. John Newton, who wrote with Cowper

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the Olney hymns, was long after his conversion the captain of a slave-ship, without apparently a single qualm of conscience, and so on; and what a long struggle Wilberforce and Clarkson and their gallant fellow-labourers had to get the frightful trade abolished! Slaveholding is another instance which comes down to our own day.

But take another case from a different department of the law. Up to a very recent period, only a few years ago, down to the passage of the Intestate Succession Act, the law of succession stood thus: That if a son died without issue, and without leaving brothers or sisters, and survived only by a widowed mother, that widowed mother could not claim a shilling of her only son's succession, though it might amount to thousands — all went to the most distant relatives, or even to the Crown, in preference to and to the exclusion of the mother, who might be left to starve! This has been altered now; but what I want to notice is the striking fact that this law prevailed and was in active force for centuries without producing even

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a murmur, far less an outcry against its flagrant injustice. People did not seem to see — they could not see that it was at all wrong. Oh, that is the law! was an answer to every possible remonstrance; and this answer was often given with as much confidence in its validity as if a self-evident moral axiom had been announced. Truly the law is an impressive and successful teacher — it may be of immorality, of rapine, or of wrong. Many other instances will at once occur to all of you — many unjust customs which yet prevail. But I hasten on to say —

Third, That law is a powerful promoter of morality or the reverse, because it occupies so prominent and marked a place in the public eye. It is constantly at work, and constantly demanding and receiving attention and regard, and is often watched with intense and engrossing interest.

In order to produce any effect, or at least any appreciable or lasting effect, on the mind, or on any of the conscious faculties of man, it is necessary that the attention be awakened

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and aroused. What the mind or the feelings do not observe or do not attend to leaves no trace or impression. When we do not notice a thing, it does not live in our memory, and does not affect our conduct. What passes *unobserved* is ineffective either for good or evil. Virtue or vice may be exhibited in our presence, and if we are otherwise deeply engrossed or asleep, the example will neither mend nor mar us.

Now, law — at least that part of law which affects our daily and habitual social life — is always forcing itself upon our attention. It will not suffer us to forget it. The court-house and the judge, the magistrate, the policeman, and the jail, are seen by us at every turn, and remind us of their office. We are always buying and selling, incurring debt or giving credit, and legal claims of every colour are clamorous on every hand. If injustice reigns and wrong prevails around us, it is impossible for us to avoid the contact and the contagion. How important, then, it is that a companionship so close and inseparable, which plucks our sleeve

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and invokes our regard so continually, should be pure and elevating!

Lastly, for I do not need to pursue this part of the subject farther, law is powerful as a teacher either of righteousness on the one hand, or of oppression and offence on the other, because it teaches not by precept and word only, but by example, by external and forceful acts and deeds. The sword is not borne in vain. The accuser and his myrmidons go about the streets. To the bar of justice is haled the offender, and the prison doors close on the convict. The courts are open, rights are reasoned on, and men implead one another. Decrees are pronounced, and judgment issues to the uttermost farthing; and all is done in the broad and open face of day. If law be a teacher, his schoolrooms are numerous, and the apparatus for his teaching is impressive and complete.

Having thus obtained, avoiding all details, a very brief and cursory glance — but I trust a sufficient one — of how law or jurisprudence acts as a schoolmaster or teacher

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of justice and of a large department of ethics, I again remind you of what I have already frequently indicated, that the teaching may be downward as well as upward. It may be false as well as true. The law may be a very "Fagin," instructing his pupils how to steal, or it may be a saint, teaching how to benefit and bless. It may elevate and improve almost indefinitely the morality, the manners, and the habits of a country, or it may depress and degrade them, and draw them backward to savagery or to death. I venture to think that sufficient importance has not been attached to the teaching power of law.

But there may possibly be suggested in some minds a difficulty, arising from the supposed inherent, eternal, and universal nature of moral truth. How can positive law of any kind, and however enforced, affect morality, which rests on a different basis altogether, which is written on the heart and the mind of man?

Now, to obviate this possible objection, it is enough to consider that it is not moral

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truth which is affected by jurisprudence or municipal positive law, but only *moral science;* not the truth itself, but only man's knowledge and perception of it. Moral truth, like every other kind of truth, is unchangeably and eternally the same. It is founded in the nature of *things*, at it is called — that is, in the nature of God. But moral *science* — that is, man's knowledge, man's *scientia* of morality — is constantly varying, now advancing, now receding; and moral science, like every other science, is essentially progressive, and capable of indefinite and infinite advancement. It is exactly the same with every other subject. The truths of astronomy or of mathematics or geometry are eternal and unchangeable. But the *sciences* of astronomy and of geometry are for ever imperfect and progressive, because they relate to the imperfect nature and the limited faculties of man. The very expression, "*the teaching of science,*" implies imperfect minds which are to be informed and enlightened by the teacher.

Now, the science or knowledge of morality

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is often in a very imperfect condition. Men do not *know*, except in a limited degree, what is true and just and right; and the thought — the single thought — which I present to you to-night is, that law is a most important and a most effective instrument for communicating and advancing that knowledge.

But when we speak of the progress of morality or of justice in a nation, we mean a great deal more than the mere theoretical knowledge of the principles of morality or justice. We mean also, and we mean chiefly, the practice of morality and justice, the carrying out of these principles in the thought and sentiments, in the emotions, and in the actual conduct of the people. A moral people is a people who know and love and do righteousness, whose perception of justice and good is keen, whose conscience is tender, and whose obedience to its dictates is prompt and decisive. This alone is practical morality. Now, in this broad and only important sense morality is necessarily a progressive, or it may be a retrogressive, thing, and its actual state depends, in any nation and in any age,

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upon, in one word, the *culture* of the nation or of the time. This might be proved by an examination of the nature of morality in theory and in practice, but to do this would involve a very extensive and elaborate consideration of all the different and discordant theories of morals which divide philosophers, and which have led to endless controversy. Fortunately, any such examination is as needless as it would be impossible here and now; for all the theorists, however they may differ as to the source or origin of morality, all agree in this, that the perception, practice, and prevalence of morality always depend on the culture of the community. In other words, that practical morality may and must be *taught;* and this is enough for our present purpose.

It is pleasant to find this agreement among all the hostile sects: the intuitional moralists, who hold to implanted instincts; the utilitarian theorists, who maintain that virtue and utility are one; the selfish system, which insists that virtue is only enlightened self-love; the believers in the sympathetic theory; in the association

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theory; and all the others — nay, even the atomists and so-called materialists, who can trace and find the earliest manifestations of morality in the first shiver of the protoplasm at the impact of a speck, all — all concur in this, that whencesoever it came, morality, to be pervading and active and effective, must be cultivated and taught; and my word to you to-night is, that law is the best, the most effective, and the most successful teacher.

I do not want to draw invidious comparisons, or to display different instrumentalities, as if they were rivals to each other, and therefore I abstain from measuring, against or in comparison with the law, the influences of the pulpit, the lecture-hall, the academic chair, the press, or the literature of a country, or any of the other organizations which teach, or impress, or advance practical ethics. There should be — there is — no unworthy jealousy in the common work. Fellow-labourers in the field of the world all unite in efforts to cover with smiling verdure a stubborn soil, and all anticipate alike a glorious harvest when, with rejoicing

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and blessing, the ripe sheaves shall be carried home.

One encouraging thought I may notice, in which also I think all the sects agree. It is this: the great doctrines of *heredity* apply in their full force and vigour to *morality*. Moral qualities and moral habits are transmissible from father to son, and from generation to generation, and once rooted and fixed they become congenital and inherent in the race, and perennially flourish as the ages flow. Virtuous parents produce virtuous offspring. The children of the just are blessed. Is it not matter of thankfulness and rejoicing that in the case of every new individual — of every new child — we have not, so to speak, to begin at the beginning again. We have not the same rocks to blast and boulders to remove and weeds to eradicate — the soil comes to us prepared. The inheritance of holiness descends. The flying torch is passed from hand to hand and burns brighter as it runs. The advancement of justice and of morality is not the labour of Sisyphus endlessly to be renewed, the results of the

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past are never lost. Each generation takes up the work where its predecessor left it, and adds to the rising pile, till, like a cathedral built by many generations, there soars to heaven the Temple of the Lord.

In drawing towards a conclusion — for I feel I am trespassing too long on your indulgent patience — I propose, by way of practical application, as a preacher would say, to consider in a few sentences the bearing which the educational function of law should have upon the action of the various classes who have anything to do with the advancement, administration, or improvement and amendment of the law.

Disregarding other and minor organizations, I think I may say that the three sources to which we chiefly look for the advancement, improvement, and perfecting of our law are these: First, the *Legislature*, who have the direct duty of enacting, repealing, or amending law. Second, the *Judicial Institutions* of the country, by whom the law is administered and applied, the whole courts of the country, with all the machinery needed

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for their efficiency. And third, what I may perhaps call in a wide sense the *Jurisconsults* of the country, or those who by study and thought are striving to become so. This class includes occupants of legal or ethical chairs, all students of law, all legal authors or writers, all law practitioners or law advisers in all departments, all legal bodies, and all societies such as yours — all "Juridical Societies" of every kind.

A word or two as to each of these three classes.

First, Would not the legislators of both Houses of Parliament, and all who can or may influence them, do well to recollect that every law they enact, and every section of every law, has an educational and moral influence on the whole masses of the people whom they govern? Laws are directed not to brute matter, but to moral agents; and you cannot command a moral agent to do or to abstain, to act or to suffer, without affecting his moral character, and it may be moulding or modifying his whole future life. Is this not, sometimes at least, forgotten?

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Legislators are in general quite alive to some of the effects of their laws. How will they tell upon the nation's wealth, or health, or prosperity, or power? What will be their effect on commerce, or competition, or foreign relations? Will they increase or diminish production? Will they cause influx or outflow of gold? and so on. But the nation's highest wellbeing is the nation's *morality* — its love of the right and the true and the good; not its gold or its power, but its virtue, its self-command, its justice. And are these always as much thought of as they should be when a law is to be made? I leave the question without an answer, and into the details I cannot go.

Second, I take our judicial establishments — all who have anything to do with the administration of law.

All our courts and tribunals should be great schools of equity and justice, constantly teaching and illlustrating high and pure ethics. All who frequent them, all who hear of them, judges and counsel, agent and spectators — aye, and suitors too — should

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be made to feel that all are striving after only one great end — the attainment of the absolutely right and just, and its exhibition as the law and rule of conduct. How this dignifies and glorifies the most trivial cause! The question is not about some petty right or some passing and evanescent interest, but about what is the binding and eternal rule. The court is not measuring, or weighing, or awarding inches of earth or ounces of yellow metal, but is striving to ascertain the perennial rule of deathless spirits; and above and behind and through all its judgments should shine a light that is supernal. But I hasten to notice —

Third, The action, function, and duty of speculative *jurists*, such as your Society, in relation to law viewed as an educational power.

I confine myself to the Juridical Society, although what I say is equally applicable to legal professors or legal authors, and indeed to all students of law.

Your position, Members of the Juridical Society, instituted for the discussion of legal

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questions, is peculiarly favourable and eminently fortunate. You may without fear or fetter absolutely follow out the right and just and true. There is never anything to hinder you. Legislators may often see the ideal right, but be unable to realize it. Parties and factions must be consulted and conciliated; obstructions must be soothed or softened; vested interests, though founded in venerable wrong, must be regarded and respected; and even omnipotent Parliament cannot always do the thing it would! Courts, too, are hampered by rule and form. Where the words of a statute are clear and unambiguous they must often disregard its injustice, and a *series rerum judicatarum* may often prevent the judgment which absolute equity requires. Where the words of a statute forbid, or where the point is absolutely ruled by precedent, it is vain to talk of equity to Lord Adam, or of eternal justice to the Justice-General!

But *you*, Gentlemen of the Juridical Society, are under no such fetters. Wherever right demands it, you may and you do con

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demn the statute, and review both the judgment and the judge. The decisions of the last resort are not final to you; and remembering that law must teach nothing that is not eternally true, you may always compare and correct its data by the handwriting that is on high.

In the spirit of this lofty freedom, I bid you God-speed in the session which you are now to begin. May the light of justice illumine all your discussions; may the love of justice burn in every heart; and, as the result of your meetings, may all of you experience that you are nearer the law and the love which is eternal and divine.

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LECTURE VI.

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THE TEN AVATARS OF VISHNU.

Delivered before the Granton Literary Society
March 1880.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

There is an apostolic precept, the neglect or nonobservance of which, not only miserably narrows our minds and degrades us in selfishness, but wholly deprives us of the highest and purest pleasure of which our nature is susceptible. The precept is, — "Look not, every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." It is difficult, it is impossible, to say how much nobler and how much happier we should be if we constantly gave this precept our implicit obedience.

The word "*look*" means to look with kindly interest, to regard with respect, and to dwell

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upon with pleasure and delight if "the things" are joyful, or with sympathy and helpfulness if "the things" are adverse. In short, we are to look at another's good and another's woe, in precisely the same way as if they were *our own*.

And then think how unlimited is the meaning which must be given to the word "*things*." It includes absolutely every thing, and so we are to regard our neighbour's joy and sorrow, his wealth and rank, his talents and powers, his beliefs and opinions, his tastes and feelings, yea, his emotion and faith and *religion!* — exactly as if all these were *our own*. What a different world it would be if this were universally carried into practice, if, in the words of the same Apostle, "no man sought only his own, but every man another's *wealth*" — that is, his welfare or wellbeing!

Now I am going to ask you to-night, to spend an hour with me in looking reverently and respectfully and with close and kindly interest at one of the beliefs which has been held and treasured and delighted in, for many ages and for many generations, by a

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very large section of our fellow men, which even now forms part of the faith, and moulds the thinking and colours the literature, and influences the conduct of more than two hundred millions of men, and has done so, generation after generation, for three thousand years, beginning at periods when our islands had not even found a name.

The people with whom I ask you to sympathise to-night, or at least for an hour, are the *Hindus*, the inhabitants for many ages of the great valley of the Indus and its kindred streams, and who, spreading southward from the Himalaya Mountains — (that is in Sanskrit "hima" *snow*, "alaya" *abode*, the home of the eternal snows), have given their name to that mighty and fertile and populous country, with which we are so familiar, in name at least, as India, or Hindustan.

Considering our close relationships and intimate and numerous connections with this great country and its teeming populations; and considering that to a large extent we are ruled by the same Queen, Empress I

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must call her, and are becoming more and more regulated by the same law; considering that now for many generations India has looked to England for help and guidance and direction in government and for advancement in the arts and amenities of civilization; that there are few of us, who have not, or who have not had, friends and acquaintances or relatives there, and that we every day partake of and enjoy its fruits and its productions; — I am sure I need not bespeak your warmest interest in its varied peoples, and your deepest sympathies in their faiths and hopes and joys.

I cannot attempt to-night to give even the slightest sketch or the rudest outline of the immense and vastly complicated system of religion known as Brahmanism or Hinduism. Originally, so far as can now be gathered, strictly theistic, it has become in the lapse of ages almost all embracing, and now it is not so much one religion as a vast congeries and mixture of almost all forms of religion and of almost all aspects of faith.

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In Hinduism there will be found spiritualism the most refined for the spiritualist, and materialism the grossest for the modern atomist or the ancient Epicurean. There is theism for the theist and atheism for the atheist. The mystic and the metaphysician may find mists and atmospheres teeming with congenial shadows, and the sensual and the earthly may grovel upon the ground! Hinduism offers culture to the educated and wisdom to the wise, while with equal hand she gives superstitions and charms to the ignorant and to the foolish. To the philosophic monotheist is presented an ideal of deity too lofty for expression, dimly indicated as the unthinkable and the for ever unknown; while to the idolator is thrown open the vastest pantheon, crowded and populous with Superstition's nameless and innumerable brood. The ritualist and the devotee may find ceremonies and penances which would consume a thousand lives, while the holy and the devout may spend unconscious centuries in the extasies of absorption. Like the Veiled Prophet of Khoradzan, Hinduism seems to

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feel that it would forfeit its heavenly call if it did not provide doctrines and practice to suit the taste of all!

But the subject of my lecture to-night is only *one* of the doctrines of Hinduism, a doctrine which under many and varied forms has exercised a very marked influence on Hindu life and character, and which is full of lessons for ourselves. And it has, I think I may say, the deepest interest for every child of humanity. I think we must all sympathise with it in itself, even although it had not been held by two hundred millions of our fellows, all down through more than a hundred successive generations!

This doctrine is generally known as

"*The Avatars of Vishnu*"

and I hope to be able to give you a rapid outline of it in the short time at our disposal, without entering at all upon the general system of Hinduism, which it is quite impossible for me even to touch. One or two sentences however must be given, to enable you to understand the position of Vishnu in the Hindu theogony, and the nature

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of his *avatârs*, or revelations, or incarnations.

Whatever Hinduism, or Brahmanism, may have latterly or in its bulk become, still in its purest and highest essence it was (indeed I think it still is, and I am glad to think so) a monism, a monotheism, and in one aspect a pantheism of a pure and noble kind. And as such it seems to me ever and again to reveal itself, not only in the early Vedic Hymns which are generally pointed to as its crystal sources of inspiration, but all through its voluminous sacred books, — all through its vast and unmanageable literature.

Pure Brahmanism knows only one God, indeed only one Being, in the universe, — "Brahm," or "Brahman," (neuter gender) in whom all things consist and exist, apparently for ever. Observe, this Brahm or Brahman is quite different from *Brahmâ*, the *Father*, to whom we shall come immediately, and who is supposed to have *made* all things. Brahm never made anything. Brahm is neither a person nor a thing. He or It is of neuter gender, of no gender at all, not even of the lifeless gender. It would be

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wrong to call Brahm "him," or "her," or "it" either. Brahm is neuter, not either, not any of these. He, It, has no name; to name him at all, is to name him wrong; to conceive of him at all, is to misconceive him; no pronoun will fit him, he should not be named and he cannot be thought of. To Him, to It, no temple stands, and before Him, before It, no priests and no people bow. He cannot be worshipped and He hears no prayers and answers none!

From this inconceivable and unnameable Brahm there issue — (*issue* is the word, and it is an eternal procession) the *Trinity* or *Triad* of the Hindus, with whom really begins their theology. The doctrine of a Trinity, though not the earliest, is one of the most prominent doctrines of Hinduism, and this itself is a very striking fact. The Hindu Trinity are these.

1. *Brahmâ*, the Creator, the Father.
2. *Vishnu*, the Preserver.
3. *Siva*, the Destroyer,

with whom is indissolubly connected the function of *reproduction*. (Very curious this.

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He only destroys by making new, by reproducing.) These are the Trinity, and all these are males. They have names and they have gender, contrasting strikingly with the primeval neuter, the unutterable "Brahm!"

I have said that the Trinity issue from Brahm, and "issue" is the word, and the thought. Brahm does not create the Trinity. He is not creator and they are not his creatures. Perhaps "Manifestation" best conveys the idea. God is manifested in the Trinity! Three essences in one God! Three aspects of the Infinite!

But then "manifestation," or "aspect," or any similar word, implies some third being, some third intelligence, to whom the manifestation is made, or by whom the aspect may be seen; and so, even at this early stage, of this, one of the earliest of religions, we trace the inevitable anthropomorphism which must needs pervade everything known or understood or thought by man.

I am not learned enough in, or familiar enough with, Vedic or Sanskrit literature to be able to tell you whether the issue of the Hindu Triad from the ineffable Brahm

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took place in time or in eternity. There seems to be some controversy about this. I rather fancy the opinion of highest Brahmanism to be that the issue of the Trinity from and in Brahm was eternal, and if so the doctrine would closely parallel a doctrine of our own Church, I mean of Christianity, known as the Eternal Procession of the Son and of the Holy Ghost from the Father, a doctrine which in Scholastic times engaged the learning of the Church and helped to clothe the walls of its spacious libraries. It is curious to trace parallel doctrines and parallel controversies in ages and places so remote, and among people and thinkers far as east and west are distant; both in place, and in habits and horizons of thought.

The functions or distinct and proper offices of the Hindu Triad or Trinity are strongly marked and well defined.

Brahmâ, the First Person, is the Creator. He makes every person and every thing, from him all things took their origin.

But here his function stops, and it is very curious to observe how little original creation

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bulks in or impresses Hindu thought. Brahmâ, although he made all, called all into existence, is not figured as taking much interest in how the universe gets on, and so he has come to occupy quite a subordinate part in the actual worship and in the religious thought of Hindustan. Brahmâ is not with the Hindus as God the Father is with us, — the first or chief person in the Trinity. He is only first in order, not in importance. For every Hindu feels, as indeed we all should, if we were in his place, how far more important the preservation and the management and also the destruction and reproduction of the world and of its inhabitants are, than their mere original creation. It is everything to me how I am to be preserved and what is to become of me. It is very little to me how I came to be here at all. That is long past and a matter of small concern! Hence while there are many sects in India who devote themselves especially to the worship and service of Vishnu, — (*Vaishnavas* these sects are called), and perhaps still more who exalt especially Siva,

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the Destroyer and Reproducer, — (*Saivas*, and which last adore Siva's wife or female energy Devi), very few devote themselves to the worship of Brahmâ, whose work is thought of as done!

The Second Person in the Hindu Trinity is *Vishnu*, the Preserver, and round this manifestation of deity the imagination and wild fancy of the Hindu revolves in very varied and very eccentric courses.

The Vaishnavas, or worshippers of Vishnu, are divided into six principal classes, with innumerable subordinate sects. But into these I may not enter.

The Third Person in this Trinity is almost the most important, *Siva*, the Destroyer. But destruction is seen to be only a mode of change, and so Siva is also the Reproducer; and most of the *Saivas*, or sects of Siva worshippers, are fond of dwelling on his function of making all things new. He is substantially the Creator, who still creates or recreates every moment, whereas Brahmâ has ceased to create long ago.

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Siva's reproductive energy is figured as his wife Devi. It is strange, is it not, that in all Hinduism the active energy of every God is supposed to be female, and worshipped as such. The votaries of the female Devi are called *Saktas*, and embrace hundreds of sects who observe ceremonies and practices which it would take scores of volumes to enumerate and describe.

I have said that all the persons of the Hindu Triad are objects of worship. But the great neuter Brahm whence they issue *is not.* Now note here, — it is very noteworthy — that men seldom or never worship the abstract or the unseen, that is, what cannot be apprehended by some of our faculties, — (of course I do not refer to the eye alone, although the word unseen is taken from vision). Man generally worships the Phenomenon, the Appearance, the Revelation. But the Noumenon, the Real, the Substance revealed, is withdrawn from his faculties. I have not time to follow out this thought. But it is a high strain of Christianity to worship only the Eternal, the Immortal and the Invisible.

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But I have been tempted to dwell too long on general features of the doctrine of the Triad, and must hurry on to what I intended to be my sole subject, The Avatârs of the Second Person of the Trinity —

THE AVATARS OF VISHNU.

An *avatâr* means in Sanskrit a descent, or coming down, but in the Vedas and in all the Sacred Books of Brahmanism it is almost exclusively applied to the descent of some deity to earth, either to avenge or to save. In Hindu theology it has this restricted meaning. As the descending god must take some form or other fitted for earth, and leaves, so to speak, his heavenly form behind, an *avatâr* has come to have very nearly the sense of the Christian word *incarnation*, and the Avatârs of Vishnu may be translated "Vishnu's Incarnations." Observe, however, that these incarnations must not be confined to the human form, human flesh. An avatâr may be in any form whatever.

All the Hindu deities from time to time make avatârs, some of them many thousands

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or millions of times, and in every conceivable form and circumstance. To-night we confine ourselves to the best known descents or incarnations of Vishnu.

In all religions incarnations are known. Ever and again man's spirit tells him, — "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." In the crowd or in the solitude, by night or by day, ever still the heavens are opened, the dazzling smites us to the ground, and "deep calleth unto deep." Whence this inextinguishable belief? From the felt possibility, nay the certain truth, that the Infinite can come down, has come down, and is manifest upon earth. Where is the soul so dead and so lost as not to have had its avatâr, and not often to await the visitor from on high? Vishnu in Brahminical mythology is the Preserver, and has often come down, made a descent, an avatâr, to vindicate and to save.

The Avatârs of Vishnu are in some of the Sacred Books (and the Sacred Books, the *Bible* of Hinduism, consist of three or four hundred large volumes) described as "in-

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finite," "innumerable," and in different writings different numbers of remarkable or leading avatârs are mentioned. Thus in the Bhagavata Purana twenty-two incarnations are mentioned, which will be found enumerated in Dr. John Muir's texts, IV. 156.

I take however the common view, which gives ten principal Avatârs, and without farther preface (a preface which however I hope has not been time lost) I proceed very shortly to describe them, omitting variations and details, which are nearly endless.

1. The First Avatâr is called *Matsya*, the *Fish*. In this, Vishnu descended to earth as a fish, to save the seventh Manu, who was the progenitor of the whole present human race, from the universal Deluge. The legend is very interesting. I may tell it thus.

The seventh Manu, who is the Noah of the Hindus, was one day doing penance and performing his ablutions in one of the sacred rivers, Ganges it may be, when a very little fish glided into the saint's pure hand. He opened his hand to let it go, when it turned

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and spoke to him, and asked him to protect it from a multitude of larger fish which the saint then saw darting and glancing around him, all eager to devour it. The little fish asked to be put into the holy Manu's water jar, and Manu obeyed. In one night the fish grew too large for the jar and had to be transferred to a tank, and then to successive ponds, and then it had to be carried to the ocean. Manu now understood that the fish was no other than the great Vishnu, and when he was prostrated in adoration the fish revealed to him the approach of the coming Deluge, from which it promised to save him in a divine ship in which he should sail, taking with him the seven Richis, and the eggs and seeds of all created things. Manu obeyed the divine behest, and when the Deluge came the fish appeared with a golden horn ten thousand miles long, and a ship attached to it, with Vishnu's serpent *Vasuki*, which served as a cable. Into this ship Manu, with the seven *Richis*, or inspired sages who had learned all knowledge, entered, taking with them the seeds of

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every living thing. The heavenly fish drew the ship for many months, till it reached the peak of the mountain Himavan, and as it sailed the fish instructed Manu in all knowledge, both concerning God and man, and especially in the doctrine of the eternal spirit. The teaching of the fish forms the subject of one of the lesser sacred books called the *Matsya-Purana*, or the Old Wisdom of the Fish. I purposely omit a multitude of details.

The affinity of this legend with the Mosaic account of the Deluge is too obvious to need notice, and the contrasts are also remarkable. Both probably came from the same source, but the best authorities hold that there is no reason to think that the one was borrowed or adapted from the other. There are traces and traditions of a deluge in all early religions, and perhaps it is not impossible that some of them may have originated in dim and imperfect readings of misunderstood geologic facts. Shells are found embedded in the strata even on the tops of lofty mountains, impressions of fish

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are disclosed almost by every hammerstroke in the limestone cliffs, and nothing is more natural than the suggestion, (indeed nothing is more true), that the sea has once been there. It is only a hasty and hurried guess that the sea came there by a miraculous deluge, instead of in the orderly revolutions of untold milleniums.

Does not the *Matsya* or fish avatâr point also in another direction? In the order of development all life first comes from the sea. In Genesis although the grass and herbs come before animals, still the waters bring forth abundantly moving creatures that have life, long before the earth is ordered to bring forth living creatures, "cattle and creeping thing, each after his kind." The modern evolutionist is not far from accord with Scripture when he asserts that

> "In the warm waters of primeval caves
> Organic life first rose beneath the waves;"

and according to the legends of early Greece, the triumph of human beauty and human perfection, the Goddess Venus, was born of ocean's foam! In many other aspects,

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which will easily occur to all of you, I think you will feel it to be deeply interesting to know that the Hindu thought of God as first coming down to earth in the form of a Fish. And is not the interest deepened when we are told it was a VERY LITTLE fish, and in great danger of being devoured by other fishes that were NOT divine.

2. The Second Avatâr is *Kurma*, the *Tortoise* or *Turtle*. Vishnu descended in the form of a sea tortoise, and his object was to recover for man certain things of exceeding value that had been lost in the Deluge.

In this avatâr, the unbridled and ungovernable fancy of the Hindu theosophist runs wild and becomes grotesque. The twelve precious things which had been lost at the bottom of the ocean, swept down thither by the impetuous and irresistible deluge waters, are the *amrita*, or nectar, or nectar cup of immortality, the goddess *Lakshmi*, the Hindu Venus or goddess of ideal beauty, and ten or twelve other things which I have not time to mention. Now the mode in which the lost treasures were recovered was

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this. Vishnu as the Tortoise descended to the bottom of the ocean (some forms of the legend call it the white or opaque ocean or Sea of Milk), and this ocean had to be churned or violently stirred to its lowest depths to make it give up its spoils. Vishnu as a Tortoise makes himself a pivot for the churning stick, on which the mountain Mandara is poised, cone downwards, by whirling which mountain on the tortoise' back the ocean is to be churned. Round the mountain is twisted Vishnu's marvellous serpent, Vasuki, as a rope for making the mountain swiftly revolve, first one way and then the other. The gods seize the tail of the serpent, the demons seize his head, and each set pull with all their might. The mountainous churning staff whirls and revolves, the gods and the demons (*asuras*), alternately prevail, the ocean yields butter, and the *amrita* or nectar cup of immortality, as well as the other twelve treasures for humanity, are caught as they come to the surface in the boiling foam.

All this may seem very absurd, the very

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lunacy of unbridled fancy; but the best students think that it is not without meaning. Nothing precious is to be got or gained or rather regained or recovered without intense and extremest exertion. The ocean of man's nature must be stirred to its lowest depths. The strife is the eternal strife of good and evil. Gods and demons produce the necessary and the healthful agitation, and alternately pull towards heaven and towards the pit. The mountain of strength or mass, and the serpent of subtilty must aid the work, and in the sacrificial butter and oil of gladness rise the precious things of the soul, and are caught up from the boiling and fermenting sea.

'The Amrita cup of immortality, the chief treasure which is recovered, glitters through all early religious poetry. One moistening touch from its gleaming edge to human life and the man is safe for ever! He that sippeth of that cup shall never die. In Christian legend, the Amrita cup becomes the challice of Christ's first and last communion, and as the Holy Grail you are all familiar

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with it in Arthurian story, — the Sangreal which none but the pure can see.

But I may not dwell on the spiritual meanings which may lurk in Brahminical legend, or speculate how much is due to the legend itself and how much to the ingenuity of the interpreter. I merely remark that to spiritual natures all things are full of emblems. We see but in a glass darkly, and all things are possible to him who believeth. I only add, before going on, that we should remember that to the pious Hindu the Tortoise is an emblem or an incarnation of *God*. When therefore we hear that the Hindu believes that the world rests upon an elephant and that the elephant rests upon a tortoise but that the tortoise rests on nothing beyond, we should pause before we indulge in a sneer at his supposed primitive and irrational astronomy or cosmogony, and ask if he may not have a deeper meaning than his science-proud questioner knows. And if he should tell us that below the strength and wisdom typified by the elephant there lies the infinite support which to his mind

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is symbolised by the tortoise, doyou think he would be fitly answered by a sneer or by a grin?

3. The Third Avatâr is called the *Varaha* or *Boar*. This avatar, like the two former, is connected with the tradition and belief in a universal deluge.

A mighty demon called Hiranyaksha had seized the earth, had carried it down and held it submerged in the depths of ocean. Thither Vishnu, as a boar, dived. After a contest of a thousand years he vanquished and slew the monster, and then with his tusk he raised the earth to air and to sunshine.

Now I leave you to spiritualize this avatâr at your leisure. I have not time even to hint at its meaning. I have a great deal to do still. Only just remember that demons are evil principles. It is very curious what a great part demons play in Hindu mythology, and still more curious how they get their power.

4. The Fourth Avatâr of Vishnu is the *Nara-Sinka*, the *Man-Lion*.

Here we have to do with another demon, Hiranya-Kasipu, who by his penances had

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obtained a boon from Brâhma that he should be invulnerable by god or man or animal, that neither gods nor men nor beasts should hurt him at all.

It is one of the strange and peculiar doctrines of Hinduism, that prayers and penances and sacrifice have in them an inherent virtue and an irresistible and self-acting efficacy, altogether irrespective of and unconnected with the motives and feelings and emotions of those who offer them. They are drafts on Heaven which must be honoured, no matter what the object is, and no matter how wicked may be the suppliant. And so the worst men or the foulest devils have sometimes by prayers or penances wrested power from Heaven dangerous even to Heaven itself! Of Vishâma it was said, — I use Southey's translation —

> "I have seen Indra tremble at his prayers,
> "And at his dreadful penances turn pale.
> "They claim and wrest from Seeva power so vast,
> "That even Seeva's self,
> "The Highest, cannot grant and be secure."

and so this demon Hiranya-Kasipu had ex-

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torted his impunity from being harmed by god or man or animal; and such impunity was sure to corrupt. The man or the demon who cannot be attacked becomes tyrannous, and the tyranny that cannot be "tempered by assassination" soon becomes intolerable. But what is to be done? Gods and men and animals, in whatever force or numbers, are powerless, some new being must be created to bring the needful deliverance, and so Vishnu descends in the Avatâr of the Man-Lion. Not as God, not as man, not as animal, but in a new and intermediate form does the divine Man-Lion spring from within a pillar in the Demon's Palace, and, tearing him to pieces, bring enfranchisement to the nation.

5. The Fifth Avatâr is *Vamana*, the *Dwarf*. Notice that this is the first time that Vishnu has assumed the guise of humanity. It is the first incarnation in human flesh.

This Avatâr was undertaken to check the career of *Bali*, a king of part of India who having conquered Indra, the god of the elements, was fast obtaining dominion over the

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whole three worlds of Heaven, Earth and Hell. I suppose he got his power in the way I have already mentioned, by prayers and sacrifice. The superior gods became alarmed for their supremacy, and it was at their request that Vishnu made his avatâr. On an audience-day Vishnu presented himself at the Palace of Bali, in the form of a dwarf or manikin, and amid a crowd of other suppliants waited his turn to present his petition and demand a boon. When his turn at last came, and he was asked what was his petition, he with low obeisance prayed for liberty to take three steps. Bali somewhat contemptuously granted the prayer, good-naturedly asking the little manikin what kind of strides he could make. But astonishment and dismay followed, when, instantly rising to the height of his mountainous and divine stature, —

"I take my grant! The Incarnate Power replies.
"With his first step he measured o'er the Earth,
"The second spanned the Skies.
"Three paces hast thou granted,
"Twice have I set my footstep, Veeshnoo cries,
"Where shall the third be planted?"

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But Bali, unlike most usurpers, recognised his defeat, made humble submission and renounced his power, offering his own head for Vishnu's third step. As a reward, he was allowed to retain his dominion in the Lower or Infernal Regions, and was constituted Lord of Hell and Judge of the Condemned. This office and function he still discharges, and has flung away farther ambition ever since.

Vishnu's three strides have many figurative interpretations, relating sometimes to physical phenomena, as, — the dawn, the noonday splendour, and the setting of the sun, and sometimes to very recondite and subtile stages of intellectual or moral progress. Into these, however, we cannot enter now, and we pass on to the sixth Avatâr.

6. The Sixth Avatâr is that of the *Parasu-Rama* or Vishnu's incarnation as *Rama with the axe*. The purpose of this descent was to restore and preserve the supremacy of the Brahminical Caste, that is of the priestly race, over all other castes or races, and in particular to preserve it from the domination

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of the Soldier Caste or the *Kshatryas*. Rama with the Axe is said to have subjugated (others say destroyed) the Soldier Caste twenty-one times. I should mention that in this, and in most of the later Avatârs, Vishnu was born of human parents and lived what seemed an ordinary human life. In the present case, he was the fifth son of a pious Brahminical monk.

To understand fully this Avatâr, however, would involve an examination of all the Hindu doctrines and mysteries of *Caste* (a vast subject with vast issues), doctrines which have governed und influenced India for three thousand years, and which, though often attacked, are all powerful still. The enquiry would lead us through the history of a hundred generations, it would subdivide into many parts and overflow wide regions. Controversies, some of which are strange and unintelligible, and some of which are strangely familiar, would swell and subside and pass before us, and many a glimpse would be given of mysterious chambers and dark recesses in the microcosm of man. We might

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find the world-long conflict between the Sacred and the Secular powers; the struggle for supremacy which the Priesthood has always made; and we might wonder to discover, under the strangest disguises, the question of "Endowments," and of the "Disestablishment of the Church!" However tempting these themes, I must pass them all by, and I quit the Avatâr of Rama with the Axe, the special avatâr in favour of the Brahminical Priesthood, with the remark that, as is usual in such cases, it is an invention of the Brahmins. But I must hurry on.

7. The Seventh Avatâr is that of *Rama-chandra*, or simply of *Rama*, but quite a different Rama from the last one, which you remember was Rama with the Axe. This is *Rama-chandra* or the *Mild* or *Moonlike Rama*.

Here also we have another demon, or embodiment of evil, to be destroyed. *Ravana*, the Demon-Emperor of Ceylon, is a monster with ten heads and twenty arms, and in every hand a separate weapon, wherewith to torture, to wound or to kill. What a

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complicated thing evil is! By changing his weapons among his hands he can change his aspects, thousands, — I rather think hundreds of thousands of different ways. Now this demon-monarch has somehow or other got from Brâhma a promise that neither gods nor demons should ever hurt him. But against man he refused to ask any protection. He despised man far too much for that! Why, he could wither up an army of men by a single glance from any of his faces, and why should he ask or take any promise of protection against man? When he looked, fire ceased to burn or wind to blow, and ocean when it saw him became motionless and still. A being so fenced against everything but man must be attacked by man only; and, mark the plan, God becomes Man, that he may destroy the works of the Devil, and may destroy Satan himself.

This is the story of Rama. It occupies, in various forms, I suppose many thousand volumes of Indian literature, and a considerable portion of its Sacred Books. Rama is the hero of the *Ramayana*, one of the

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two great national epics which are embodied in the *Vedas* or Sacred Books of Brahmanism, and is a long and a very beautiful poem, in many respects superior to the other and far more bulky epic, the *Mahabharata*. The *Ramayana* corresponds to the Greek Iliad. It is a kind of Trojan war. Râvanâ, among his other misdeeds, had carried off *Sita*, Rama's wife, and the interest of the poem often turns on her story, and the efforts made for her recovery. But the poem and the story are full of varied action, sometimes of the strangest kind. Thus, to take only a single instance, — all the monkeys of Ceylon are embodied into an army of sappers and miners, and employed in constructing a dyke or causeway between Ceylon and Hindustan, the remains of which in the form of a long and dangerous reef are still in existence.

But I must proceed, and only notice very briefly the remaining Avatârs. The truth is, I have chosen much too large a subject. But I thought that you would like better a general sketch of all the Avatârs, however

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brief, than that I should confine myself, as I might easily have done, only to one.

8. The Eighth Avatâr is called *Krishna, The Dark God;* and the worship of Krishna, that is of Vishnu under the form of this incarnation, is one of the most popular in India. Many sects of the *Vaishnavas*, that is Vishnu worshippers, almost confine their adorations to Krishna alone.

The Krishna incarnation is also a profoundly interesting one, as we can trace in it the gradual transformation of a mortal hero into the manifestation of a god. There are many interesting legends connected with it, and one of its leading and governing thoughts is the *mystery* of God's manifestations. Hence the name Krishna, — the *dark* or the *hidden* one. Krishna was a great seer and a great teacher, and some writers try to trace in him a resemblance to Christ. Even the name Krishna is fancifully allied to that of Christ. I think however that this attempt is not successful.

As charioteer to Ardjuna, one of the Pandu princes, and in the course of conversations

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with him, Krishna delivers a great body of philosophical and moral doctrine of a very high character. His main mission seems to have been to destroy the principle of evil, and its representative *Kansa*. Here again we have a wilderness of adventure, crowded with the wildest fancies, more extravagant than any fairy tale. Into this we cannot even look.

9. The Ninth Avatâr, the last which has yet taken place, is quite distinct in character from all the others, and stands alone and unique. It is the *Buddha* Avatâr, the incarnation of *Vishnu* as *Buddha*.

Buddha was the great reformer and preacher, of kingly race, who arose in Hindustan about six hundred years before Christ, and was the founder of that mighty religion which is called *Buddhism*, and which in many respects was a revolt against *Hinduism*, particularly as to caste, the origin of the gods, and the destiny of man.

In primary or original theology, in speculative theism, and in the grand doctrine of the Immanence of God, I think that

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Buddhism is far inferior to Brahmanism, but it is greatly superior in its moral teaching, and indeed the wonder is that moral teaching so high should be rested on a system which it is difficult to defend from the charge of being atheistic. But the only point with which we are concerned is, that, after Buddhism had made some progress, Hinduism, instead of denouncing it as a rival, did not hesitate to adopt its founder as a Deity and to admit him into its Pantheon. Buddha was welcomed as an Incarnation of Vishnu. This opens a wide field for speculation, as interesting as it is forbidden to us to-night. Truly Hinduism may claim to be a *catholic* religion.

This ends the past Avatârs. But Brahmanism has a future too! God's revelations are not over, are not completed. We have not yet heard His last word, we shall never do so. We look for His *coming* still, and hymns like the Christian's are also sung in Hindustan.

"Lo! He comes with clouds descending!"

The past is but a dim prophecy of the future.

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"Nine times to the labouring World
"Hath the Eternal voiced his will;
"Shall He fail, — when need is greatest
"To ransom every sufferer still?"

And so, there even now approaches the tenth Avatâr which our Indian brethren call the *Kalki,* the more than millennium of blessing, when the law and all the ceremonies of the Vedas shall cease, when without law each shall be a law unto himself, "perfect as the Father in Heaven is perfect."

"All ills shall cease and ancient wrongs shall fail,
"Returning Justice lift aloft her scale,
"Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
"And white-robed innocence from Heaven descend."

In these hopes and aspirations of the Hindu may not the Christian join? and whatever names or languages we use may we not unite in the wish, which is the prayer, "Thy kingdom come!"

I have left myself and you no time to draw any lessons, or even to indicate the many and very grand deductions which flow from the Indian doctrine of the *Ten Avatârs.*

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Perhaps it is better so. Better that I should be silent. Silence is sometimes the most impressive teaching. *Think* on these things! — And so, without attempting to read a single lesson, or to draw a single deduction, I close this imperfect and hasty lecture by making a supposition which I daresay has occurred to many of you as we went along.

Suppose an educated Hindu, without abandoning his own faith, to study, as many cultivated Hindus most eagerly do, the principles and the doctrines of Christianity. Might we not expect to hear him say, not with surprise but with glad sympathy;

"I find many beautiful analogies be-
"tween this Western faith and the vaster
"creed of my country and my youth.
"Here too, as in the plains of India, the
"gods dwell with and in men. Christians
"too have their Avatârs, and I find the
"great central doctrine of Christianity,
"that on which all its other doctrines
"turn and revolve as on a pivot, to be

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"an impressive, most mighty, and most
"magnificent Avatâr; —
"God Manifest in the Flesh!"

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LECTURE VII.

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THE TWO FOUNTAINS OF JURISPRUDENCE.

Delivered before the Scots Law Society, Edinburgh. November 1880.

My Lord Advocate and Gentlemen, Members and Friends of the Scots Law Society!

I congratulate you on entering upon your sixty-fifth annual session! I rejoice with you in the prosperity and success which you enjoy, and in the efficacy and completeness with which you accomplish the great purposes for which your Society was instituted.

For sixty-five years your Society has provided a fitting arena, where forensic strength and skill and acumen have been acquired and cultivated and practised by a considerable portion of the legal profession educated in Edinburgh; and I am able to testify, from

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personal knowledge, to the unmixed benefits which the Society has conferred upon successive generations of Edinburgh lawyers.

It is forty years ago (I think upwards of forty years ago) since I joined the Society as an ordinary member. For a good many years I took an active part in its debates, and in its business of every kind. I believe I was duly found maintaining the affirmative or the negative both of legal and of speculative questions, as the Secretary or the Case-book ordered me; I gave opinions which I thought were sound, and wrote essays which I thought were instructive; I found many friends, in concert or in conflict with whom I learned both respect for the opinions of others, and courage and confidence to maintain my own; and when, after attaining what was called then "honorary privileges," I ceased to attend your Hall and left the arena to fresher and younger spirits, I did so with a grateful consciousness, which I still feel, that to the Scots Law Society I owed not only many happy evenings and many pleasant recollections, but also many

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lasting and substantial mental benefits. It had made me a better informed, a better equipped, a more skilful, a more ready, and at the same time a more modest and an humbler man than I had been before.

And since then, I know personally, that the efficiency and the benign influence of the Society has continued and increased. I have known many of its successive members. I have observed in actual life and practice the men who have been trained in your Hall, and I have rejoiced to learn that the old spirit still prevails, — a spirit not only of chivalrous conflict, but of sincere love of truth, and a spirit which constantly secures, that keenness of argument shall never degenerate into acrimony, and zeal for the truth shall never be inflamed into intolerance.

It is, therefore, with no ordinary pleasure, that I now bid you God-speed on entering on your sixty-fifth session. May you continue, prosperously, that course of usefulness which has hitherto been unbroken; and still, with joy and gladness, confer on present and on future members, those priceless privileges

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which have benefited past or passing generations, twenty, forty or sixty years ago!

I willingly respond to your invitation that I should say a few opening or introductory words; and as, on occasions like these, it is always better to choose some topic more or less definite, and so perchance in some degree, escape from, or lessen, the danger of indulging in mere empty commonplaces, or in vague and insipid generalities, I have selected, to occupy us only for a few minutes, a speculative thought (as your case-book would say a speculative *question*) which I think has a very close relation to all your legal studies and to all your legal discussions.

Consider with me, then, for a moment, this highly speculative question, (and we will confine ourselves to the merest outline), *What are the Ultimate Sources or Fountains of Law or Jurisprudence?*

Whence do all the rules of Jurisprudence come? On what basis do they ultimately rest? What is their parentage and descent? Who gave them their varied traits and

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lineaments? And to what shall we trace their nature, their character, and their practical effects?

Now I shall first answer this question clearly and categorically, and then we will consider together for a very little what the answer means and implies.

In answer, then, to the question, what are the ultimate sources or fountains of Jurisprudence, I answer; —

There are two, and only two, ultimate fountains of Jurisprudence; namely *Morality* and *Policy*.

I have called this a speculative question, and I daresay some of you may think that the answer is as speculative as the question. In one sense this is true, but like many speculative questions and answers, this speculation is fraught with the widest and most momentous practical results. It will affect our whole manner of regarding and of studying Jurisprudence. It will fix the standpoint whence all our observations are to be taken. It will guide us in our analysis of every complex or concrete law. It will

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enable us to tell whence the sweet and whence the bitter waters have flowed, and to know where wholesome salt, as from the Prophet's new cruse, is to be cast for the healing of the streams.

I have always thought it one of the advantages of a society like this, that it was entitled, if not bound, in all its discussions, to be perfectly free and absolutely speculative. To be speculative, not only in its properly speculative questions, but also in its legal ones. It is always entitled to ask, not only what the law *is,* but also, and often chiefly, what it *ought* to be. This is a privilege which is not conceded to other tribunals than such as yours. You are free from all, or from most, of the distressing conditions and vexatious limitations by which all the practical world is bound. You need care nothing, sometimes at least, for inveterate and ingrained customs, for deep and ineradicable prejudices, for *series rerum judicatarum,* — chains of bad decisions and bad principles, but now and long since immovable. You may disregard old statutes,

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black, as their own black letter, and old traditions, blacker still. You may always take everything at first hand, as new comers to a new world, with a virgin and a weedless soil to plough and a clean sheet to inscribe with wisdom fresh from heaven.

Now I want you to use this privilege freely and boldly. I myself claim my share of it for this short hour, (alas, I shall lose it soon!) and casting away, while my dream of liberty lasts, the statute book and the libraries of decisions and every rag and remnant of usage and of authority, I go with you, in the freshness of creation, to trace and to test every law as in the light of its earliest morning when its history is all to make.

And it is good for us all to do this now and then. Back to first principles, when the logic is long and the links are twisted! Down, down to the foundations, when the turrets are tottering and the ridges reel, — and feel how firm these foundations are, on the moveless yet living rock! And think not that it is mere useless trifling, thus to

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go back and thus to go down. Practical results will surely and ultimately follow. If first principles have not been truly carried out, if on the firm foundations the walls have not risen rightly, by truest plummet perpendicular towards heaven, and by bedded block parallel to the horizon; then, be sure, that sooner or later we must begin again, for Nature will find out our failure, and with her there is no forgiveness.

But an enquiry into what are the true and real sources of Jurisprudence, and how far have the laws of a nation been properly and logically and purely deduced from these sources, is hardly a speculative inquiry at all. It leads directly and immediately and necessarily to the intensely practical questions, — Are these laws right? or do they need to be amended? and to the still farther practical question, — What should the amendment be?

In very truth everything that is right or good depends upon, and must be preceded by, speculation, in the true and noble meaning of that word. Speculation is the act of seeing or getting a full and a true view of

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any subject of thought. It is the consideration of and meditation upon anything until it is fully grasped and understood; and thus, in the highest sense, it is the means by which every true theorem is demonstrated, and by which every soluble problem is resolved. No doubt, the word *speculation* has a bad sense, a bad sense in commerce as well as in philosophy. But it has a high and a noble meaning also, as when Milton says, —

> "Henceforth to speculation deep and high
> "I turn my thought" —

and in this sense alone, does speculation hold and delight us here!

Now our speculation to-night is — What is the origin, the source, the fountain-head of all Jurisprudence? On what foundation, broad and deep, does all the mighty structure rest? Whence come those complicated and infinitely varied *Rules* and *Ordinances*, often so seemingly arbitrary and contradictory, often so different in different nations and ages, and yet which govern the conduct and determine the rights and duties

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of all the civilized people of the globe?

Now the answer which I have suggested is, — There are but two and only two sources of Law in all its multiplied variety and contrariety, and there never were, and never will be any other; and the single and the solitary thought with which I wish to open your Society to-night, the sole and simple idea which I wish to express, (an idea however which I feel sure will prove rudimental and seminal and germinative), is just this; — That all laws, all jurisprudence, all rules for the conduct of life or for the adjustment of its relations, must ultimately rest, and rest exclusively, either upon Morality or upon Policy, in the true and philosophic sense of these two words; and all I can do to-night is, in briefest terms, to indicate, for mental and mature investigation, where to look for and how to test, the true nature of every law, and the real tendency, whether for bane or for blessing, of every institution.

When I say that every law has its root in, and draws its life from, either morality

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or policy, I do not mean that in strict historical truth every law, the earliest or the latest, of every savage and of every civilized race, can be clearly traced either to a real or supposed morality or to a real or supposed policy or expediency, — although I firmly believe it could be shewn to be so, to a very wonderful extent. The morality may have been false or misapprehended, the assumed expediency may have been utterly false and unfounded, or delusive, but it would not be difficult to shew, that even the most cruel, the most oppressive and the most arbitrary law, that ever savage or civilized nation, in its most barbarous passion, enacted, or that ever tyrant in his wildest caprice devised, — was held, by its promoters or by him who gave it forth the first, to be intrinsically right or inherently politic, were it only to vindicate dignity, or to enforce obedience or submission to a governing power.

But in truth the proposition which I am submitting to you, as to the foundations of Jurisprudence, is not a historical proposition

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at all. I do not think of it in a historical light, and I do not mean to trace it in historical manifestation or illustration. I look at it rather, and only, in a philosophical or scientific aspect; and without intending at present to enquire into its action and influence in remote times, or amidst savage surroundings, I say that *now* and for actually existing communities, for you, and for me, and for all existing governments, the law that is not well and securely founded either on true and eternal morality, or on wise and just and beneficent expediency, that law, however venerable it may be in its antiquity, with whatever fair and favored associations it may be entwined, and whatever interests may have grown up around it, should be abrogated and blotted out, as a groundless and unwarrantable interference with the freedom and the spontaneity of man.

And so, you see, our thought, harmlessly speculative as it may at first sight appear, may easily, and as it were in a moment, become destructively radical; and the thinkers,

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by the very might and majesty of their thoughts, and by the clearness and by the cogency of their speculations, be driven into action with a might and a momentum that is irresistible!

And now consider what is meant and implied by the first fountainhead of Jurisprudence being *Morality*.

I assume in this argument, what is abundantly clear, and what is demonstrated and evolved and illustrated from more than one chair in this University; that there is an eternal and unchangeable system and scheme of morality and ethics, founded not on the will, or on the devices, or in the ingenuity, of man, but on the nature and essence of the unchangeable God. "Haec non scripta, sed nata lex. Hoc jus semper et ubique, justum est et fuit. Nec aliud hic, aliud Romae, aliud Athenis, aliud nunc est aliud posthac erit. Ut recta ratio, insita a natura et diffusa in omnes, constans est et sempiterna; et quod praescribit semper atque ex se, justum est et immortale." It may be a question, and it has been the subject of

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endless controversy, in what does this eternal and unchangeable rule of rectitude consist and subsist, and there are many conflicting theories as to the essence and ground of changeless morality. You are familiar with these questions; and though most of you have passed your Moral Philosophy course of study, I doubt not you often refresh yourselves, as occasion offers, in the controversies of the day, — in recurring periodical literature and in the casuistry of common life, in those pleasant battle-fields, where the contest is not as to the reality and meaning of eternal ethic, but as to whence cometh its mighty power. Admitting, as all do, the prowess of this Sampson, the only question which remains is, wherein his great strength lies, that we may understand it better and rejoice in it more!

Are morals intuitive? Is there a moral sense within us, which pronounces at once upon what is right and wrong, as do our eternal senses upon what is hard or heavy or bright or scarlet or loud or bitter or sweet? Do morals rest upon the will of God? or do

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they go deeper than his will and repose for ever upon his eternal nature? Which system shall we adopt, by which shall we classify phenomena that are unchallengeable? The selfish system, which tells us that every thing that is brightest and best is but enlightened and far-seeing self-love? The sympathetic system, which boldly substitutes altruistic for egoistic idealism? The utilitarian system, which traces all good to the production of the ultimate happiness of the many or of the all? Or any other of the mixed and intermediate theories which seek to explain the "*beauty of holiness*"?

I ask not what view you take among these rival and perplexing pretensions, so only you be sure of this, that there is an eternal and an unalterable morality, which is as pure as God and as immovable as is his throne! And if you grant me this, (as who does not?) then I say that the first requisite of every earthly law, I care not on what subject, is that it shall conform, implicitly, and down to its minutest jot and tittle, to the law that is written in heaven.

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And so when you open your legal debates, I do not mean in your Hall, or in your Hall only, but in your own minds, the first question should always be; — not, — what says the Imperial or the Old Scottish Statute Book? not, — what has been decided in the Court of Session or the House of Lords? not — what are the dicta of the Digest or the *Responsa Prudentum*? not, — what says Authority? or what has practice or custom done? All these questions are right and proper and necessary, all in their own place and time, we have need of all of them and of many more like them. But these are not the first questions and not the most important. The first question as to any law, or as to any legal proposition, is and must always be, — Is it just? Is it right? Is it in conformity with the canons of Heaven's Chancery, rounded as the spheres, and straight as the rays which issue from the throne of God?

When you have got this question answered, this first question, — Is the law or proposition just? is it right? is it equal? is

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it equitable? — then and not till then, may you freely proceed to the other questions, and ask how such points have been decided, and what have great judges or great jurists thought about them.

It is a bad way to begin *your* legal discussions, it is a bad way to use *your* speculative freedom, to begin by saying, "This question was virtually but conclusively decided in the first Division or in the second Division or in the House of Lords in the case of John Doe against Richard Roe, and here are the words of the Lord Justice General, or of the Lord Justice Clerk, — or of the greatest Chancellor who ever pressed the woolsack!" In some places, not so privileged as your Debating Hall, such a course may be proper and useful, and may lead to saving time or bringing discussion to a point. But not here! Not here! It is your proud prerogative to try all things! To mete with the measure of the Upper Sanctuary, — and before you listen to President or to Chancellor, before you defer to Ulpian or to Papinian, before you bow to the omnipotence

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of the Legislature, or submit with or without protest to the enactments of the Statute, — it is yours to summon statute and authority, lawmaker and judge, before a higher tribunal, and to test them with a keener touch than that of Ithuriel's spear!

But think not that the test and the touchstone are of simple application! It is no easy matter to determine what is absolutely right! and, in the complicated interlacing of human affairs, it often happens that no harder question can be put, than, Is such a line of procedure or of regulation *just?* or is it *not?*

Some moralists, especially of the Intuitional School, write and speak, as if the moral sense, the consciousness of right and wrong, acted instinctively with a decision and a swiftness that was not only infallible but unhesitating, — as if it never doubted or wavered for an instant, but gave its verdict swift as light and keen as the lightning: and some of these moralists speak and think as if the healthy moral instinct could no more doubt that wrong is wrong, than can the healthy senses fail to feel that ice is

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cold, that fire will burn, or that sunlight will dazzle!

Alas, alas! If there be a moral sense at all, it has no such swift and intuitive power! The recorded dictates of its classified and collected experiences, cultivated and tested through generations and races, may have become automatic and instinctive, like the shutting of the eyelid or the shrinking of the hand from known and experienced dangers; but change the circumstances ever so little, let the experience be even in its slightest features new, and nothing will be more vacillating or uncertain than this very moral consciousness to which all things once seemed so clear!

For the faculty of seeing and knowing the right and the just is a progressive faculty, and its growth is slow and feeble. Our moral judgments are not the same as those of our ancestors. What seemed just to the last generation is no longer just to this one. The justice of to day is less perfect than that of to-morrow! The moral sense, as it is called, is constantly being

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corrected by the opening and increasing intelligence; — as we know more, we see better; and as we trace cause and effect from link to link and from chain to chain, and see from afar what mighty results arise from slight divergences and from seemingly indifferent beginnings, the moral sense seems to lay down its functions and asks to be led by the cultured intellect, to which is slowly being revealed the hidden causes wonder-working for ever "in the process of the suns."

And so morality is not a fixed, but a growing science; and it is not an independent, but a dependent and superadded science! It is superior to, and yet dependent upon, all the discoveries of intellect and of science, of history and of metaphysic. It can judge with authority, but others must bring to it the materials for judgment, and with every addition and new importation of these materials the cause must be reheard and the judgment reviewed, and the decision may be different at every trial! And when it is remembered that the materials for every

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moral judgment are vast as nature, and their mutual relations almost infinite, well may we say, — "Who is sufficient for these things?" "How shall we find out judgment unto righteousness?"

And yet this is the task of the lawyer and the jurist who is in search of the just; and this is the first part of the solution of every problem. For the first fountain of Jurisprudence is the well spring of morality.

And to the humble and patient questioner an answer will be given, an answer clear and final. Not in all circumstances, for the answer in all circumstances belongs to God alone, but an answer clear and final in the circumstances given. And once having found whether your law or your legal proposition is or is not just, you will come with liberated minds and with shining countenances to the consideration of the quite subordinate questions of, — how do the decisions stand, and what do the authorities say?

It must be, that the first and deepest foundation of a law is its justice. For suppose

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that after fullest inquisition, after trial and retrial, it is once fairly settled and fully and clearly seen, that a law is unjust, substantially and materially unjust. Is not the ultimate fate of that law clear? It cannot stand! It must not, it shall not stand! No matter what the decisions say, say in unbroken series. No matter how the authorities, ancient and modern, buttress and befriend it. That law must go, and that right early! The good will disobey it. Even the bad will scorn it. Counsel will attack it again and again, and will weary not in covering it with confusion. Judges will exert all their ingenuity and even strain their consciences in finding or in making nice distinctions to avoid giving it effect. If it is too strong for the inferior tribunals, it will be sore tackled in the House of Lords, and the *Jus Gentium* and the *Jus Naturæ* and all the inherent equities will be made to play upon it till it is ashamed, and if it baffles the efforts of muscular Chancellors and astute Lords of Appeal, it will be haled at last to the Legislature, where with scorn it

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will be abrogated and for ever put away.

On the other hand; — let a law, or a claim of right, be inherently and substantially and absolutely just, and then time and tide are on its side. *Magna est veritas — magna est æquitas — et prevalebit.* All its asperities and awkwardnesses and imperfections will at last be overlooked and condoned and forgiven, and it shall shine clear as silver.

I have not time to detail, or even suggest, the correspondence which exists and has always existed, between the state of the law at any time, and the state of ethical science at the same time. The law always lags behind ethical science, but always tries to keep it in sight, and often somewhat ludicrously limps lamely after it. I say after ethical science, not after absolute justice or equity. Absolute justice, absolute equity is always the same, — perfect as God is. But ethical science is Man's knowledge of that divine law, which knowledge is always varying, and always partial and imperfect, — but let us hope constantly improving and increasing. Our time will not permit me to

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dwell upon the influence of ethics upon law, or on the reflex action which law exerts upon ethics and upon general morals, topics which open wide and interesting fields. I have said enough, I doubt not, to suggest to you (for you are not new to these themes) the relation of ethics and their paramount importance as the great and the primary fountain of Law, from which must ever flow all its streams and all its streamlets, and to which they must ever owe all their purity and all their sanitary power.

And I hasten on to consider what I have ventured to name the other fountain of jurisprudence, — *Policy*.

Our utmost efforts will not succeed in bringing all laws under the cognizance of morality or equity, at least not directly. There will always remain a large body of law of which we cannot say with any confidence that it is either just or unjust. It is sometimes called *arbitrary law*; — not in a bad sense or as meaning tyrannical or unjust, — but because it seems to flow from the exercise of a mere general discretion,

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arbitrium, of the legislator or of the people whose customs it embodies. And as these customs can seldom be traced logically as produced by any definite reason or reasoning, and as they often vary, apparently without any cause, we call them arbitrary, and the law which they produce or which is like them we call arbitrary law, without meaning to stigmatize it in any way.

Such, for example, are many of the rules which relate to cases of intestate succession. Among distant relatives how shall we divide the estate? Ought there to be a law of primogeniture? and under what limitations and conditions? Should there be an indefeasible claim of *legitim*? and for how much? The whole law of prescription falls under this head. It is better to cut off old and stale claims than to open the door to endless enquiry and interminable litigation, but under what rules and limits is a matter for reason and expediency, — we must consider what on the whole will be for the best. The solemnities of deeds, the rules of conveyancing, the forms of all kinds of

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procedure, fall under the same category; and so do hundreds of other branches of law which I need not mention.

Now all these depend, not on abstract questions of justice or injustice, but on what is called convenience, or expediency, or good order; — or on the desirableness of securing regularity and conformity in the usages and habits of society.

I prefer, as a general name for this fountain from which all laws of mere expediency and convenience flow, and for this foundation on which they all ultimately rest, the word *Policy* as being a word of more far-reaching meaning than *expediency* or *convenience*, and which better expresses the hidden ground on which must rest every law which cannot claim, or which is not able at present to prove, that justice and equity are its source. Every legal rule and every legal custom produces or tends to produce many distant and often unsuspected and surprising effects, and these are always to be regarded as more important than any mere temporary conveniences or adaptations. The law of

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primogeniture, and a law which permits perpetual or long lasting settlements of land, will certainly in the long run produce accumulations of landed property and a body of powerful and influential landowners holding probably a great part of the soil of the country. This may be a desirable result or it may not, but upon that depends whether the policy of the law of heritable succession is good or bad: and in this and in all other cases where abstract equity gives no deliverance, where any one out of many courses appears to be equally just, then in all such cases it is the policy of the law, that is, its far-reaching efficacy and its distant and remote and perhaps indirect causation, which determines its character, and to that policy it must appeal for its justification and support.

Now considerations of policy, regard being had to far distant and widely operating effects, are quite as important, — sometimes they are even more important, — than even considerations of present equity; and so I feel disposed, in view of ultimate conse-

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quences, to place the two fountains, the two foundations of Jurisprudence, almost in equal rank, — the rightness of both being almost equally necessary for the welfare of a nation. I shall remark immediately, and give the reason why, this almost equal ranking of policy with equity is not inconsistent with the paramount allegiance which is due to immutable morality. In ultimate analysis, the two are one.

And now that I have presented to your notice, or recalled to your recollection and thought, in rudest outline and in faintest delineation, what I have called for the hour the two fountains of Jurisprudence, the two foundations upon which all law must ultimately rest, I ask you, sometimes, nay often, to make considerations like these the starting point of your thoughts and investigations in law, and to give them sometimes a prominent place in your discussions.

It will not be lost time! It will be well spent time, — to dwell upon, to trace, and to discover the principles of ethics, before you commit yourselves to the guidance of

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alleged principles of positive law. Descending from moral heights, you will find you have been upon a vantage ground, from which you have got a commanding survey of the lower fields of earthly law, and your pleading robes in the Courts of Jurisprudence will shine with light from the Mount of Transfiguration! You will cast your arguments in quite another shape, as to the meaning of a statute or the construction of a deed, after you have been in a region where the statutes are all divine and the covenants only righteousness; and the light that guided you among the ordinances of Heaven will not be found unavailing when you have to thread your way and pick your footsteps in the darker regions of earthly law.

And then when you turn to drink of the waters of the other fountain of which I have spoken, — how will it not enlarge your views of what are called mere arbitrary and discretionary laws, to remember that they too have a soul within them, that they are inspirited and inspired with a policy, with

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a tendency, and with a power, which they never forget and which they never slacken, and that their character and their rightness depend on results of their operation which may not be fully disclosed for centuries, but which it is the duty of the legislator and of the lawyer to anticipate and to foresee!

Will not law wear a mightier aspect, will it not come home to you charged with a mightier and a profounder interest, when you see and remember that it is only a reflex of the character and of the providence of God, the dim shadow of a light that is ineffable and of a government that is eternal? Your law studies will become a kind of theology, translucent with a radiance that is immortal!

It only remains for me to say, that what I have called the two fountains of Jurisprudence are in reality one and the same. It is one water that flows from both. There is only one fountain after all, the infinite source of all truth and light and righteousness.

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The reason why we have had to distinguish between morality and policy, between what is right and what is expedient, is really only our weakness, the imperfection of our intellect, our want of vision and of prevision, of insight or of foresight.

In cases where we discern an immediate or close moral result, where duty is to be instantly enforced, or a right instantly vindicated, we place the law at once upon its moral basis. But let the consequences of law or custom be hidden from us, dwarfed in the far distance, or obscured by the complicated and interlaced net-work of circumstances; — where we cannot see, we can only guess; and in such cases we say the law rests on expediency or policy, and not on abstract right.

But the only difference is in us, and not in the two classes of laws themselves. If our eyes were anointed so as to penetrate the mist and perceive everywhere the real, or if they were armed with a spiritual telescope to bring near the distant, we should discern that every law, aye even the most

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trivial, has a moral character and is most certainly producing a moral effect: — and the just and the expedient would become one.

If we could see the end from the beginning; if we could understand beforehand unseen, unthought of, but most certain consequences; if we could realize that customs and conduct apparently the most innocent and indifferent would ultimately work out results most mighty for good or for evil to man; it is no law of mere utility that would compel and constrain us to choose the good and to refuse the evil, and the law dictated by policy would be dictated by morality too. The twain would merge into one, one sole source of law for both earth and heaven, the law heavenly and divine.

I have now exhausted the time allotted to me, and I fear also your patience, and yet I have done little more than briefly define the speculative thought or thoughts which I announced, and lightly sketch their nature and relations. But I know the audience I am addressing, and I feel I have said quite enough! "*Ne quid nimis.*" "*Verbum sat sapienti.*"

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To those who rightly estimate the value and importance of tracing the spring and source of law, the history of its progress as it flows onward from its source is deeply and profoundly interesting. For the stream always tells of its source. All the variations which are found in different nations and in different ages, throw light backwards upon moral science. The laws of a people are veritable history, incapable of being falsified or forged, and nowhere is the advance and improvement of ethics more clearly read than in the progressive history of the world's laws. And we find there too the prophecy of the future, onward and for ever on, new knowledge softening the severity and correcting the mistakes of law, widening man's freedom while drawing closer his brotherhood, till at last love is liberty and nature law.

This result societies like yours powerfully advance. Night by night, at every one of your meetings, some old prejudice gives way; some new view is got of the perfect and the fair; some successful attempt is

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made to put actual law in accordance with the ideal; some popular fallacy is detected and exposed and exploded; and so, in a thousand ways, the work goes on, till by little and little the kingdom is won!

If I have succeeded to night in indicating or in recalling to your recollection one of the ways in which your knowledge and command of legal principle may be advanced and intensified or purified and exalted, I shall not have spoken in vain of *the Two Fountains of Jurisprudence.*

H. L. BRÖHNER'S DRUCKEREI, F. W. BREIDENSTEIN
FRANKFURT A. M.

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